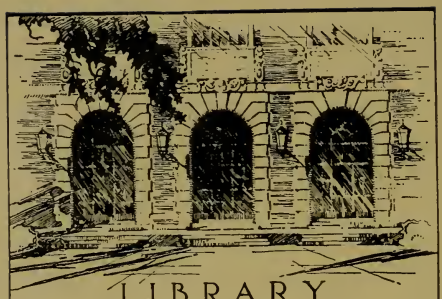

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
P3132c
v.2

# CARTOUCHE,

THE

## CELEBRATED FRENCH ROBBER.

BY

R. B. PEAKE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Some authors in the vain attempt to be *cutting* and *dry*, give us only that which is *cut* and *dried*."—LACON.

LONDON:
HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 193, STRAND.

1844.

Aird and Burstall, Printers, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

823
P3132C
v.2

THE

# ADVENTURES OF CARTOUCHE.

## CHAPTER XI.

INIGO RELATES HIS HISTORY—TAKES TO THE STAGE—IS ON THE ROAD TO FAME AND FORTUNE—IS STOPPED IN HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER BY AN UNFORESEEN EVENT—THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE HOLY INQUISITION—INIGO BECOMES BY TURNS A BALLAD-SINGER—AN APOTHECARY—A LOVER—AND AN OUTCAST.

THE confederates finding themselves securely housed in the premises so ingeniously contrived by Monsieur Thibault au Dé, discovered fresh charms in the conversation of each other. Madame was sprightly, and sang to perfection: perhaps the poetry of the verses she occasionally warbled was of a more romantic nature than a higher refined taste would have selected;

many of them being in the mysterious language which we have before designated as Argot, vulgo —*flash*. It nevertheless was very acceptable to the ears of the gentlemen guests she kindly endeavoured to entertain.

Thibault, being a perfect citizen of the world, was never at a loss for subjects of discourse, but Inigo was the most amusing vagabond of the party. These worthies for awhile determined to imitate the example of Giovanni Boccacchio, and institute a sort of '*Decamerone*,' albeit that their *plague* which rendered seclusion necessary, was merely the police.

Bavarde de Tromperie, with a patronising air, begged of Inigo to favour the lady, Messieurs Cartouche, Thibault, and himself, with some particulars of his career. "I warrant me," said the shirtless cavalier, "that although thou hast not seen so much of gentility as my good fortune has led me to encounter, thy experience must be great, and thy history amusing."

This request being urgently seconded by

Madame Thibault au Dé, Inigo, hinting that story-telling was apt to create thirst, suggested that three bottles of choice Bordeaux should be uncorked. This agreeable movement having been promptly effected, Inigo commenced as follows.

"I am not quite sure of the place of my nativity—I therefore resemble Homer; for no less than seven illustrious cities having disputed the right of having given birth to that greatest of poets, as it is well expressed in these lines:

"'Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.'"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Inigo," said the lady; "but will you oblige us by telling the history in our own language, for I do not understand Dutch."

Inigo bowed, grinned, and continued.

"I think I must have been born on the Spanish frontier; my first recollections were in riding about, wrapped in a cloak on the back of

the good lady I imagine to have been my maternal parent. My next childish remembrances were, that I was suspended as a living cherubim, nearly in a state of nudity, in a procession in honour of some great saint's day; this led to my being employed as Cupid at a theatre, for I am told that I was in my youth fleshy, and of a fair skin. I never shall forget the dying shriek of the unfortunate lily-white duck, that was slaughtered to furnish me with wings.

"I continued representing the Cupids, until growing too tall for the fubsy God of Love, I was compelled to be put into the devils—in which character, by the way, I have continued with some success, ever since. At the age of twelve, I found myself at Saragossa, the principal ornament of a troop of "Olympians," as we called ourselves—a better Scaramouch than myself was never beheld. I could also, at that time, sing passably enough, and could take a comic or tragic part with equal facility and effect. These accomplishments were not absolutely buried in

obscurity beyond my twenty-fifth year—so certainly is talent rewarded—so truly appreciative of excellence is that unjustly censured-judge, the public, that I was in the actual receipt of three reals of Mexican plate per week (value five-pence each, English). To be sure, it must be owned, that for seven years I was as sick at heart and melancholy as a *cagou*.* But what of that? Who does not in this refined and improved state of society, laugh at the sorrows of genius? I discovered that the Spanish audiences were beginning to lose their relish for the plays of Calderon de la Barca, and Lope de Vega (the first named author having written five hundred stage productions, while the latter, still more fertile, added two thousand pieces to the national dramatic stock); surely the public could not complain that they had not variety enough. So, I set my brains to work, to speak in rhyme in the parts I represented. This was at first looked on by the

* *Cagou.* Argot—*voleur solitaire.*

critics as an innovation, and I was hissed; but I determined to persevere, for I had noticed that an old blind horse went round and round in a tanner's mill, and never arrived at any given point, while hundreds of fine mushrooms sprung up in his immediate neighbourhood. So I resolved to be up in a day, and to be esteemed a delicacy. It was not that my verses had much point about them, but I occasionally made a hit.

At length, the manager of the play-house at Barcelona heard of my repute, and as his audiences had become so scanty that he was reduced to take an onion, or a handful of beans, at the pit door in lieu of the price of admission, he came to the sagacious conclusion that "he must get something to bring the public in." He, therefore, as a desperate resource, engaged me; and well do I recollect the first night of my appearance, the house was but thinly attended, the actors and actresses looked on me with disdain; I had not a friend before or behind the blanket —which was the substitute for a curtain, but I

resolved that my heart should not quail. My first scene, although I was coldly received, passed off with the remark, amidst the whiffing of cigars, that there was something decidedly original, if not good, in my style. What would actor wish more, unless he has been spoiled by the over-abundant applause of the audience. My shrugs, pauses, new inflexions, power of eye (here Bavarde de Tromperie winked at Madame Thibault), strongly contrasted articulation, were startling in the extreme to the good *habitués* of the Teatro ; but my couplets, where ridicule brought its blazing torch to the altar of vigorous conception, elicited tumultuous applause, and waving of handkerchiefs and *sombreros ;* indeed, so energetic were the owners of the latter broad-brimmed hats in the use of them, that they extinguished all the candles, and left the house in darkness. There never was such a histrionic triumph in all Barcelona, spite of the continued cracking of nuts during the performance. My fortune was made ; instead of onions and beans,

metal, real coin, found its way into the coffer of the manager; I played, nightly, to houses crowded to the ceiling—no,—for our ceiling, be it known, was the pure clear sky above our heads. I had, as my share, a certain portion of the receipts. All was, for a time, as pleasant and as profitable as my heart could desire; but ambition and the church were my ruin. Lost in the sunshine of my popularity, I forgot myself; for it happened that some couplets which I had introduced, reflected rather severely on the hypocrisy of the priesthood. I became a marked man, and they were not slow in avenging themselves. In truth, they bore me a grudge for having created a sensation in the city, at which they were already more or less savage; and now they had an excuse, even with my admirers, for crushing me at once. I had one night supped and retired to bed in my lodging, and the hour of two had already struck, when I was awoke from a profound slumber, by some noises in my chamber. By the light of my night-lamp, I

discerned three figures, shrouded in black vestments; one of whom approached me, and commanded me, in the name of the Holy Office, to rise, dress quickly, and follow them. I would have argued, but was sternly ordered to be silent; and, in the mean time, three others of these accursed *sbirri* entered the room. I would have called out lustily, and endeavoured to arouse the neighbourhood, but the spell of this hell-begotten power withered hope, and paralysed all energy. Some acrid powder was dashed into my eyes, which had the effect of blinding me for the time; a coarse hood was thrown over my head, I was forcibly carried from my home, placed in a sort of hearse, and conveyed to the Inquisition; I was more dead than alive as their myrmidons shut me up, and bolted me in their dungeon.

"Imagine the change, from prosperity in the world, and the bewitching applause of the public, to darkness, deeper than that of night, in a hole five feet square, by as many in height, and at

least thirty feet beneath the surface of the street, for I counted the steps as I was taken down.

"Imagine, in lieu of the common comforts of life, aye, even in its lowest and most degraded sphere, a piece of black bread, and water foul and fetid, as the all of nourishment afforded to the victim thus buried alive.

"Imagine a bed of damp and rotten straw; and having summed up all this, in conjunction with the dreadful and silent solitude of years, interrupted only by the lashes of a *Bourreau*, who may overhear you mutter a complaint to that God, who would appear to have forgotten you, *but has not.*"

Inigo paused momentarily, much excited, his throat was choaking with the emotion caused by the recollection of his sufferings.

Madame Thibault poured him out a tumbler of wine, which Inigo drank off eagerly. The shirtless cavalier affected to wipe tears from his eyes, but at the same moment held

out his wine-glass in the direction of the fair Hebe.

Cartouche and Thibault au Dé having thoroughly fortified themselves with a bumper of admirable Bordeaux, begged of Inigo to continue his narrative.

"I know not how long I had been in this detestable dungeon—for I had lost all power of calculating time, not being able to distinguish day from night. My food, if such it could be called, was served by an unseen hand through a grating in the wall. Solitary imprisonment is very frightful; I do not wonder that persons of weak or excitable minds lose their reason, when so incarcerated. But my nerves were of a firm texture: I determined, notwithstanding my hórrible situation, neither to die nor go mad. I dared not sing aloud, but in whispers. I composed thousands of couplets, in which the rhyme of '*priests*' and '*beasts*' frequently occúrred. Chance now threw in my way a companion—a companion which nine out of ten

would have loathed, but which I greeted, and petted—it was a large female rat, that had made its way through some aperture of my prison: she was ravenously hungry, and shared my scanty pittance until she became perfectly tame and familiarised.

"My friends, think of my condition, when even this generally disgusting animal became an object of my affection.

"At one period, for a few hours, I missed my favourite. I could not account for her absence, and was on tenter-hooks of anxiety for the loss of a companion. Still I thought I heard her squeak. At length, after the bread had been introduced to the cell, she returned for her customary portion, but considerably decreased in size: I soon discovered by faint squeaking sounds, that she had become the mother of a family, and that she repeatedly quitted me to suckle her offspring. Here were new objects of interest, and indeed they were, so long as the parent could nurture them, but as they grew

they became very troublesome; and, I assure you, it was no small charge to keep fifteen vigorous young rats in proper order. As they did not get enough to eat, they were everlastingly watching an opportunity to commence operations on some parts of my person. This, however, caused me to exert myself, and I drove away much ennui, by chasing away my rats.

"I now heard, for the first time since my imprisonment, a human voice; it was that of my gaolor, who advised me to seek an audience with the reverend fathers of the establishment. I joyfully accepted his proposal, and begged to be confronted with my accuser. The gaoler shortly returned, and ordered me to follow him, when he conveyed me to a stone chamber, where stood the implements of ablution, of which I gladly availed myself; for the time was unknown to me since I had known the use of soap and water. Here I was rendered giddy by the dazzling light, as it appeared to me; but I was still in a gloomy vault, but it was brilliant

when brought into comparison with the hole in which I had been buried; I was now supplied with clean linen, and a black serge gown; and a sanctified-looking wretch of a barber entered the room for the purposes of shaving my beard and trimming my hair.

"I was shocked to observe that the locks he cut off had turned prematurely grey. He even took the trouble to perfume me with strong essences that I might not distress the olfactory sensations of the holy fathers, in whose reverend presence I was speedily to appear.

"I was now to be brought before the Secret Tribunal—the wild beast that has ravaged Spain and Portugal, and has had its claws out in Italy. I was ushered into a spacious apartment hung with black, and lighted with huge wax tapers: various indescribable instruments of torture were arranged in different parts of the room. Three inquisitors were seated on elevated chairs; a covered table was before them with a secretary, whose business it was to write down the answers

of the prisoner. These awful-looking personages were evidently afraid of showing their faces, for they wore ghastly white masks. My first interview was brief indeed. The principal inquisitor asked me, 'What I wanted?'

"Mockery! 'I asked my liberty, or at all events the reason why I had been arrested and so cruelly imprisoned?'

"I received no answer, and was sent back to my dungeon. On my way thither, on passing a door, oh, Heaven! I heard a horrible groaning, issuing, doubtless, from some poor wretch who was undergoing extreme torture. My heart chilled within me; and even when my dungeon was closed upon me, I felt grateful that I was even there, and comparatively at my ease, without agonising pain.

"The alteration of my dress, my ablutions, and perfumes, evidently astonished the colony of rats, who could not be persuaded that it was their old master come back, and they began to gnaw and scratch me with more pertinacity than ever.

" Two days, as nearly as I can reckon, must have elapsed, when the gaoler re-appeared, and again conducted me to the inquisitorial hall. I was placed once more before their accursed tribunal.

" ' Prisoner,' said the chief inquisitor, ' confess ingenuously all the crimes of which you are accused, and by such an act merit the clemency and gentle charities of the Holy Office.'

" I avowed that I was ignorant of any offence that I might have committed.

" ' Prisoner,' resumed the inquisitor, ' you are one of those impious wretches, who despise the many articles and abounding mysteries of our Faith; confess that you utterly reject all that our holy mother, the church, teaches and commands to be believed: all those pious and salutary practices which conduce to the sanctification of man—thus reducing belief to a merely natural law of morals and good-will to our fellow creatures! In truth, by an extreme tolerance in religious matters, an unimpeachable probity, an assumption of all the useful and em-

bellishing qualities of our nature—confess, that you have most wickedly drawn thousands into the net of Satan: and we, the faithful, suffer for this.

" 'O! damnable and detested race of heretics, wherefore are ye not sunk in the depths of Hell's abyss with Dathan and Abyram, together with all Jews, Pagans, and sorcerers!

" 'But no! no! continue on the earth ye pollute; be still the objects of our charity and zeal, merciful kindness, vigils, aye, even of our remonstrance, our severity, our *cruelty* (if you will call it so), in order that we may bring you back to our bosom, to God's glory, and the salvation of your souls.

" 'Avow further, thou object of our tender consideration, that you entertain a sovereign contempt for the Catholic religion, Roman and Apostolic, and, as a consequence, an implacable hatred of the Holy Inquisition. Further, acknowledge to us, that under the shadow of this contempt, this unnatural aversion, the devil

took possession of you, seduced you by his baneful illusions to become wholly *his*, and to practise the most infernal sorcery! Avow, I say, these horrible crimes against the church and its ministers: and reveal the names of all sinful heretics who resemble you, that we may drag them from perdition!'

"It was in vain that I endeavoured to exculpate myself—it was fruitless that I apologised for the impertinent couplets I had so incautiously repeated on the stage. But as I could not in my conscience agree to acknowledge myself the most damnable sinner that ever breathed, I was remanded to my cell, with a significant precautionary hint, that the next time I should be introduced to the hall, without meeting the pious views of the inquisitors, that the instruments of torture, which I was invited to inspect, would be most assuredly applied to my person. Upon this I was again escorted by the gaoler to my dungeon; and, on the way, my ears were once more regaled with, I should imagine, the dying

shrieks of some other victim of the Holy Office.

"No sooner had I entered my cell, and the door was locked, and the receding footsteps of the gaoler could no longer be heard, than in excess of rage I struck my head violently against the wall, and felt the blood trickling in all directions over my face. Another blow, and *La Camarde** would have been my portion; but suddenly perceiving that an iron ring in the wall was broken by the force of the blow, a thought crossed my mind. I determined, should a possibility occur, to make this the means of regaining my liberty, or at any rate I would hazard the attempt. With the fractured iron I had an implement wherewith to work. As I pondered, the wound in my forehead bled profusely on the floor of the dungeon; next moment, the colony of rats were dabbling and revelling in the gore. This appeared to me to be another formidable reason why I should exert myself to endeavour

* *La camarde*—Argot for *le mort*, death.

to escape, because I might in all probability be now devoured alive.

"It then struck me--whereabouts was the aperture that the original mother-rat entered when she first paid me a visit? There must be a hole somewhere. I toiled with the utmost patience until with my hand I felt an orifice in the wall at the bottom, under the straw which formed my loathsome bed; my heart, however, beat quicker, when again placing my hand, a cooler and fresher air was plainly in agitation. I seized the iron ring, and worked hard but quietly during two days and nights, for I barely allowed myself to sleep, at the end of which time I took out a square of stone. Here was something effected.

"Oh! situated as I was, for so long a period without a shadow of hope, how my energies revived; I redoubled my labour, and my anxiety increased in proportion, lest the gaoler should arrive and summon me for my final examination and torture, before the holy fathers of the In-

quisition. I worked until, with infinite toil, I had made a hole quite through the wall of sufficient size to admit my body. Out I crept into a subterraneous apartment of vast dimensions, and nearly as gloomy as that which I had left. Here the elderly rat, which had for a considerable period been almost a constant inmate of my bosom, and the companion of my solitude, and, I believe, was sincerely attached to me, made an effort to accompany me, but, having jumped through the aperture, attracted by fare of a better description in this locality, I lost sight of my long-tailed ally. Ah! after all, the rat was no better than the more reasoning brute, *she could get nothing more out of me!*

"Creeping along on my knees, I came in contact with cords, pullies, wheels, iron-bound stocks, a kind of hurdle covered with spikes, and other instruments of torture. At the further end of this vault was a studded door, but that was fast closed. After more search, I reached the chimney of a rude sort of fire-place, on the

hearth of which were vessels for melting lead and pitch. I lost no time in climbing; and having, with great difficulty, ascended to some height, an iron grating presented itself firmly fixed in the masonry. Finding any attempt to remove this obstacle, useless, I descended, and seeking for some implement of more weight than my broken iron ring to work with, I discovered a crow-bar against the wall, with which I laboured intently on the pavement of the floor. I recollected that I had read when I was a boy, that when the Carthagenians were expelled from Spain, Barcelona fell into the hands of the Romans, who made it a colony; and I was aware that the Romans of that age, never established themselves any where without erecting spacious arched water-courses or sewers, which the indolence of their modern successors would not keep in repair, and my ardent hope now was, that I might make my way into one of these ancient works. There was no hope of escape from the gates of the Holy Office, which

had reduced me to the companionship of rats; so I at once determined to undermine. I could but die; and it appeared to my taste, that any death was preferable to the tortures of the Inquisition. After several hours' exertion, I was confirmed in the idea I had formed, and descending, falling, tearing the skin from my hands and arms, I found myself in an ancient water-course, but which was now choaked up with rubbish in parts, but a stream still trickled onwards through it. My sagacity induced me to follow the direction the water took, and after about two hours, as I supposed, a light—yes, it was daylight—appeared as a speck in the distance. Overjoyed at this discovery, I endeavoured to increase my speed and exertion, as I naturally supposed this Roman subterranean passage led to the sea, where it was evidently now low water, and as I knew that the depth of water in the port exceeded twenty feet at the mole, so, if the tide rose before I could extricate myself from the arched way, I must inevi-

tably be drowned. But I was not born to be drowned. I reached the arched entrance that opened on the sandy shore, on which I fell exhausted, and kissed in exquisite delight at my wonderful escape. Hungry, overpowered with fatigue as I was, I chuckled to think that the holy fathers had lost their victim. I wandered on the beach, not daring to enter the city, and approaching a fisherman's hut, was charitably relieved by a woman, who, fortunately taking me for a common wretched beggar, gave me some food, and permitted me to rest for several hours on a bundle of dried nets. As evening fell, I refreshed and invigorated myself with a prolonged bath in the sea, and never did the Mediterranean appear more lovely to my eyes. I walked all night, being fearful that, should my escape be discovered, a thousand spies and emissaries of the Holy Office would be on the alert to recapture me; and then my end would undoubtedly have been a public one, for I should have had to make my last appearance as a

performer in the great square, the Plà de Palacio, in the tragedy called *Auto da Fé*.

"The first occupation at daylight, was to endeavour to alter my personal appearance as much as possible; but having been educated as an actor in a school wherein no very large sums were ever expended in dresses, either on or off the stage, I found this an easy task. I tore asunder the tail of the black serge sacerdotal robe with which I had been adorned to appear before the reverend fathers, and made myself, with the assistance of sundry ties, a sort of cap with it; I then pulled off the linen shirt they gave me, and washing it in a brook, and drying it in the sun, wore it outside my serge dress, from which, however, I stripped another piece, to make me a sash for my waist; and when thus attired, with my features extremely pallid from my confinement, I confess I greatly resembled the spectre of a Neapolitan *lazzarone*.

"I then begged my way through Montserrat to Manressa, where feeling myself to be out of

the reach of pursuit, my spirits arose to the extent that I resolved to turn ballad-singer, until I could quit a country where the Inquisition existed. I had plenty of songs at my tongue's end; and, as I said before, I had a talent for improvisation, which, as it had once been my ruin, I now determined should become my support. Bread, as the saying has it, is the staff of life, and without it we should fall down. Many and many a staff have I wheedled off a baker's shelf, by a *stave* of my own. Arriving in a town, I always made it a point to stop opposite the baker's shop, where I commenced, to a touching air, some passionate lines expressive of the superlative beauty of the baker's wife, even if she were more ugly than sin! The Spaniards are notoriously amorous and jealous at the same time; but when a Spanish baker on hearing my effusion, has peeped forth, sweltering from his oven, and finding it was but a mere street-beggar that was praising the charms of his donna, pride would not

permit him to indulge in a jealous pang; listened with pleasnre to the praises of his *cara sposa*, and never failed in rewarding my minstrelsy with a lump of stale bread, which, if it had not been employed in rubbing the grease from a horseman's cloak, was indeed a luxury to me, after the dungeon fare in which I had so long participated.

"Ballad-singing is a healthful occupation, as it always creates an appetite. It must have been observed that all the celebrated public singers become corpulent; consequently, in chaunting my way from town to village, I gradually began to lose the corpse-like appearance I had attained in being buried alive. I had now, once more, a few *reals* in my pocket; circumstances made me exceedingly economical, and I never purchased bread when I could beg an onion.

"I was enabled to lay in a stock of food, sufficient to support me in a most fatiguing journey on foot, across the Pyrenean mountains; and, at length, had the inexpressible gratification of

resting on French ground, wherein the terrible Inquisition is not planted, and Heaven forbid that it should thrive anywhere.

"Arrived at Oleron, I there made an attempt to procure employment at the small theatre established in the town, but the manager, who had recently taken it, happened to be a native of Paris, and his refined ear could not endure my border provincial French; and he at once rejected me, telling me that my style was so indifferent that I was not fit to teach a hog to grunt. I told him I was sorry that his politeness was not equal to his taste.

"I sought an honest occupation in every quarter, but in vain, until one day, observing rather a good-looking but elderly lady sitting at a window over an apothecary's shop, I commenced in good voice and tune, one of my Spanish airs, the verses of which, composed by myself, were extremely flattering to female beauty: fortunately for me, this good lady was of Spanish extraction; and, as I perceived her dark eyes to

sparkle, I threw in an additional couplet or two, on her celestial orbs of vision. I then, in rhyme, informed the Spanish dame that I was famishing for employ, and what a heaven upon earth it would be, to serve so charming an individual. Upon which, she threw me out a sous, and told me to come as tidily dressed as possible at the same hour on the following day. I now really thought fortune was recommencing her smiles, so I was punctual to my appointment; when the Spanish dame graciously informed me that she had so far taken an interest in my unhappy condition as to prevail upon her husband, who was a *pharmacien*, to receive me into his employ, as servant-porter, to carry out the medicine, pound the great mortar, and other duties attendant on an apothecary's assistant.

"After most gratefully thanking my mistress, to whom I vowed eternal homage and duty, I began sedulously to endeavour to acquire the art and mysteries of the profession to which I had now attached myself. To be sure, the

intricacies of the craft were not at first very perplexing—such as delivering physic at street-doors, holding the shoulders of unhappy people back in the arm-chair, while my master, with his knee on the pit of the stomach of the patients, extracted decayed teeth. Then I pounded rhubarb and assafœtida, became expert in rolling boluses; and having acquired the habit of tasting every medicine I mixed up, soon regained my health.

"When the business of the day was over, my mistress would desire me to sing her favorite Spanish ditties, with which she was so pleased, that she never left me unrewarded with a good basin of soup for my supper; I must own that I led a very happy life at this period, my natural quickness enabled me to learn the business of a druggist and herbalist; and the honest apothecary placed perfect confidence in me. I remained in this service for upwards of two years, considerably improving in circumstances and appearance.

"But oh! ah! oh!"

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Thibault au Dé.

"A bumper of wine, and I will tell you," replied Inigo.

Wine being filled all round, the story-teller having indulged himself with a prolonged drink, recommenced.

"You heard me sigh: and well I might, for it was at this period that I fell seriously in love. A beautiful creature, far above me in birth and fortune, was in the habit of frequenting our shop to purchase essence of lavender, and other fragrant plants, of which my master was expert at distillation. Oh! how pleasingly faint and sick I felt when I first beheld her: my pale face crimsoned, and my hand trembled so, that with the small brass pestle and mortar, I appeared to turn bell-ringer. She was so modest, so lovely, so charmingly dressed: Madame Thibault, it was all over with me! I will not detain you by describing the thousand various delicious sensations I experienced."

"Oh pray do, Monsieur Inigo," said the complaisant Madame au Dé; "there is not anything in the world we ladies are so much pleased with."

"Imagine then my confusion of happiness, when I perceived that the fair Henriettte had discovered my humble adoration of her person, and that she made several kind efforts to show that I had not given her offence by daring to aspire to her affections.

"Months passed on, Henriette was ever requiring lavender water, or Eau de Cologne, but upon my word and reputation, I believe she had a dispensary of her own, for she got rid of so large a quantity of perfume.

"Frequently my master and mistress would ride out for recreation in a hired carriage, whilst I was left to superintend the business of the shop; and the moment they were gone so sure was the lovely Henriette to come, and sit the hours in sweet converse with me. At length, she so far favoured me with her confidence, as

to intimate that she was not altogether happy in her mind, for her parents had affianced her to a gentleman, a relative, whom it was not possible she could ever like, because he had a hump-back!

"I seized the opportunity; we were alone: I passionately told her that she was the goddess of my idolatry; that I could not exist without she smiled on me; that if she rejected me I would drink every drop of poison in the shop (and we had a great deal, too). In the extravagance of my passion I threw myself at her feet, but so incautiously, that I overturned a large glass vessel of nitrous acid over her clothes. I cursed my ill-luck, and hastened to endeavour to repair the mischief I had done, for her dress was burnt and destroyed by the potent fiery spirit. The blessed angel, however, forgave me, and departed, but how she excused herself at home I could not conjecture.

"This appeared, altogether, an unlucky day, for on the arrival home, in the evening, of my

Spanish dame, she said she felt as if she had taken a violent cold; to this succeeded a rapid fever, and, alas! in forty-eight hours my benefactress and excellent old mistress was no longer of this world.

"I grieved from the depth of my heart; but her husband, who was most tenderly attached to her was perfectly inconsolable.

"After the funeral, his despair for the loss was so intense, that he could not endure the sight of a home which was thus rendered desolate to him. He therefore informed me that he should quit the town for a time, and journey to Paris, or elsewhere, to endeavour to dissipate his chagrin, and that he should confidently leave his business in my charge.

"In a few days he departed for the capital, and I was, to a certain extent, my own master. The fair Henriette again became my visitor; and it delighted my heart to be enabled, from my savings to present her with a new dress, much more superb than that which either my ardour

or carelessness had destroyed. The notion even that she came to me clandestinely had its peculiar charm—stolen kisses are always deemed the sweetest. And the little parlour at the back of the shop, was the scene of some of the most interesting conversations I ever remember.

"The relations of the deceased Spanish lady having some claims on the succession, had, in the mean time, applied to the legal authorities to put seals on the property, preparatory to an inventory, in which the articles that belonged to the deceased might be separated from those of her husband.

"One day, all happiness apparently showering its blessings on my head, my beloved and charming Henriette was embroidering me a laced cravat in the little parlour, when several persons entered the shop; one of them, who seemed to be superior to the rest, had a hump on his back. Henriette trembled, and turned pale; and seeing her disorder, I said, before I quitted the parlour, 'Dearest, if you should form an ob-

jection to being seen here alone with me, perhaps you would step for a few minutes into this closet,' of which I opened the door. Henriette assented to my proposal by an impatient look, and I hastily led her into the cabinet, which I locked, and pocketed the key. On going into the shop, the hump-backed gentleman very politely informed me that he was a *Juge de Paix*, and that the others were his clerks; the relations of the Spanish lady having employed them to undertake to secure her property by legal measures. It was in vain that I remonstrated, and assured them that Monsieur, the apothecary, would speedily return, and then everything could be properly arranged. The *Juge de Paix* remarked that he had but one course to pursue, and that was to do his public duty; he accordingly proceeded to the parlour, and, what was my horror, when I saw him place his seal upon the closet! Resistance, however, was out of the question, for it must have been attended by discovery. Accordingly, the

official seal was affixed on the closet door, and all other places in the house in which it was conjectured that property might have been deposited. Here was my beloved Henriette a close prisoner; I determined in my mind, to liberate her the moment the hump-back of the *Juge de Paix* was turned; but before they left the house, the *Juge de Paix*, by power of his authority, appointed me keeper of the seals; and taking the penal code from his pocket, he read an article therefrom for my particular instruction, which ran as follows:—

"'*Persons guilty of breaking seals, shall be punished with imprisonment of from two to five years.*'

"I heard the article in agony, and saw them depart with a very heavy heart. What was now to be done? Hours passed in consultation with my beloved Henriette through the keyhole, there we were, a second Pyramus and Thisbe. I must premise that the charming girl had not seen the persons of the officials while they were

in the shop. The time growing late, I became uneasy that Henriette should be missed from her home, and she appeared to be in an awful state of anxiety on the same account; that her character would be lost for ever. I affectionately entreated her to calm her apprehensions, that I would run and seek the *Juge de Paix*, confide to him the secret, and appeal to his gallantry.

"Henriette urged me to be rapid, as the irksome situation she was in became unbearable. I shut up the shop rather before the usual time; but evening had already arrived. I flew to the house of the notary to inquire the address of the *Juge de Paix*. He was not at home: I bit my nails with vexation. A clerk, however, being sent for, furnished me with the direction. When I got to the Judge's dwelling, I found that he had gone out to supper! Here was another dilemma; his servant knew not whither his master supped, but expected him home at ten o'clock. I begged to be allowed to write a letter to him. I penned a few hasty lines to the *Juge de Paix*, telling him

that as, in all probability, he had been once young and incautious himself, he might forgive my frailty, and that I appealed strongly to his good humour and gallantry; in fact, that when he was about to enter the room, I had a young lady in my company; that I had reasons she should not be seen, as it might create some doubts as to my morality; and that, in a moment of indiscretion, I had persuaded the lady to step into the closet, on the door of which he had affixed the public seals. I concluded by begging of him to relieve our mutual anxiety with the utmost speed. I then returned home, where, to my great grief, I found poor Henriette bewailing and fretting; I entreated her to take courage, as a quarter of an hour's further imprisonment was all she should endure. I with forced gaiety tried to make her laugh, though, God knows, I did so with a heavy heart. At length, worn out with anxiety, my adored Henriette became hysterical; I could no longer endure her sufferings, I forced the legal seals from

the door; and, at the same moment, I heard some persons enter the shop, and approach the parlour. Regardless of anything but the distress of the beloved creature, I unlocked the door, and Henriette fell forward into my arms, in a state of insensibility, at the very instant that the hump-backed *Juge de Paix* and his clerks appeared in the room.

"The *Juge de Paix*, on beholding Henriette, started back with an expression of countenance as if he had been stung by a viper; at which I was marvellously astonished, until a sudden damning conviction crossed my mind, that the affianced husband of my adorable girl stood with his hump before me.

"As Henriette revived, his eye glared upon her with a terrible menace. He whispered to one of the clerks, who quitted the shop. Henriette, raising her head, beheld the *Juge de Paix*, and with a faint scream, again swooned in my arms. I attempted remedies for her recovery.

"'Wretched girl!' bitterly exclaimed the in-

furiated affianced, 'you have destroyed both yourself and me.'

"Henriette gazed at him with terror, and implored him to listen to her.

"'I will never more trust woman,' said he, 'but I will still thwart your desires and wishes in this world; your infamous paramour shall suffer to the utmost extent the law can inflict: I shall at least be revenged.'

"I here cautioned him to speak with less acrimony; but he cast a look of hatred and contempt at me, and, at the same moment, the clerk re-entered with two officers of the police.

"'Seize this person!' bawled the *Juge de Paix* sternly, 'he has violated the laws; he has torn down the public seals. Here are evidences of the fact.'

"The officers instantly arrested me. They forced me from my Henriette, who was again overcome by a fainting fit; and, without further ceremony, they conveyed me to the town prison.

"I must briefly conclude this sad part of my

history. I was prosecuted at the suit of the *Juge de Paix;* the fact of having broken the seals was clearly proved against me; my prosecutor was a man of wealth and influence. The criminal judge would not hear anything I could say in extenuation of my offence, but sentenced me, under the circumstances, to two years' imprisonment for having betrayed an almost sacred trust, after being appointed to the charge of keeping the seals."

"And what became of Mademoiselle?" inquired Madame Thibault, with her eyes filled with tears.

"I afterwards heard," continued Inigo, "that her father, shocked at the *exposé*, placed Henriette in a convent, but I never beheld her beautiful face again.

"My good friends, you all (Monsieur Cartouche excepted), I believe, know what the interior of a prison is; therefore, I need not enlarge on that point. Driven to desperation at my unhappy fate, and the loss of the woman

I adored, I became reckless, and gave way to the example of those with whom I was for two long years incarcerated. You, all of you, know a gaol is a purgatory to which human justice sends malefactors, and sometimes honest men. A punishment which, instead of correcting those who suffer it, most frequently increases their love of vice."

## CHAPTER XII.

CARTOUCHE AND COMPANY PROJECT A NEWSPAPER—THEIR MODE OF RAISING THE WIND—THEY ACQUIRE PATRONAGE, CELEBRITY, AND WEALTH, ALL OF WHICH ARE RENDERED OF NO AVAIL BY GIVING WAY TO A FASHIONABLE VICE.

The scheming heads of Thibault au Dé and Inigo were ever at work. They only made use of Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie when bold brains were not in requisition. He was an elegant volatile adjunct to the little fraternity, but he talked too much to become of essential service in any desperate adventure. Let us not detract from his character; he was by nature and art as accomplished a thief as either of his comrades, though his genius was rather hampered by a peculiar fancy he had in his head—

merely that he was the most handsome man in all Paris, and that to the fair sex he was perfectly irresistible. This, indeed, was his creed and foible; not that his success with the ladies emanated so much from his personal appearance, but that he possessed the art of flattering in an eminent degree: and his subtlety enabled him, under apparent esteem, to conceal contempt, since he ever flattered on the supposition of the weakness of the object of his flattery.

"My patrimony," exclaimed the cavalier, "is falsehood;" and he thought with an obscure English poet,

> "Oh, flattery!
> How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
> Supples the toughest fool!"

Well, with the measure which was now to be put in motion, Bavarde was not to be an immediate actor.

Cartouche had told his adventures over and over again, to the infinite amusement of his

companions; the confession of the peccadilloes of Madame de Poquefouville, when Louis Dominique was compelled to officiate in lieu of Fra Jose, made Thibault au Dé roar with laughter; but it was reserved for the penetration of Inigo to hit on a method to turn this to advantage for the community.

Said Inigo, "I know of a profitable speculation, whereby we may gain money, without the risk of running our necks in a halter."

"How desirable!" remarked Thibault. "What can be the nature of the scheme?"

"What think you, my boys, of starting a gazette?" said Inigo, with an expression of glee on his countenance.

Thibault au Dé inquired what he meant by a gazette?

"*Gazetta*, in Italian—*Gaceta*, in Spanish," replied Inigo. "But *ours* must be conducted in a perfectly novel manner. Hitherto, my worthy friends, the newspapers have been mere papers of news. Dull enough, heaven knows;

for all the news is intercepted. We only hear of our victories, of our glorious triumphs, but never of our lamentable reverses. The point I aim at is this: not to care a solitary curse about politics, which, in the existing state of the government, would only include us in a severe scrape—for it is arbitrary; but let us open a battery against private character. The world has a plenitude of vices and follies, which we may most virtuously attack; and—the main point—if we do *not* attack, we shall be munificently paid for our forbearance."

"But where, and from whence, are the necessary funds to spring to start the gazette?" said Thibault au Dé. "My accursed luck last night with the dice, cleared away my last crown; and our comrade Cartouche cannot put his nose out of doors until his appearance is so completely altered, that the ferrets of d'Argenson may not suck his blood."

Inigo, whose caution was at least on a par with his invention, was aware that their resources

were not equal to a fortnight's expenditure, and that ruin must be the certain result, unless some wealthy individual (simpleton) joined them; but, turning suddenly to Cartouche, with a roguish leer, he said, "Do you think the old gentlewoman you shrived when you were a clergyman would like her little interesting story to be made public?"

Louis Dominique instantly saw the drift of this query. "What, Madame de Poquefouville? She would stand a good round sum. An exposure of her sins and follies would kill her outright, poor old cat."

Inigo remarked that it would be an affair of great delicacy to arrange, and would require considerable address, but he thought that he could manage it if any one could. He therefore said that he should pop himself into the diligence, and make his way to Agen, and to the Château Cassemacasse, the scene of Cartouche's clerical adventure.

This was agreed to, all parties having reliance

on the cunning rascality of Inigo. After he had started, Cartouche and Thibault au Dé laid their heads together to arrange the outline of the plan for the new publication, which it was intended should be most admirably conducted, and so little open to the charge of time-serving, slander, lying, and the grossest ribaldry and blasphemy. Another point in the establishment of this journal was the extermination of the gambling-houses, upholding the cause of virtue, and annihilating the "hells!"

"This plan," said Thibault, "as it will cause every gambler and black sheep in Paris, to deem it a duty to become a subscriber, will turn out a trump card for the property. And now," continued Thibault, "to invent a good title for the publication; the whole success depends on a striking name."

Cartouche and his friend racked their brains for some time, and wrote down several titles—such as "*Le Furet de Paris*," "*La Guêpe Quotidienne*," "*Le Carbonado*," and others—

not one of which gave satisfaction to Madame Thibault au Dé, who pronounced them to be milk-and-water; but presently turned round and said, "My love, I have hit on it at last—the new paper shall be called "*La Coupe-Gorge.*"

"Admirable!" exclaimed both the editors at once—"How superior are the ladies to us fellows in invention!"

Before the return of Inigo from the south, an office had been hired, a prospectus sent forth to the public, and to the various *cafés*, and advertisements were solicited.

"Now, although this *fence* of yours is very pleasant," said Cartouche to Thibault, "I cannot remain idle—I shall, therefore, put my ingenuity to work to disguise myself thoroughly, and boldly run all risk."

"At any rate, wait until Inigo comes back," said Thibault.

Louis Dominique was fain to follow his advice, and to proceed to alter his personal appearance. Madame Thibault au Dé condescended to cut

off all Cartouche's luxuriant hair; with a dye, principally composed of the juice of the outside skin of walnuts, he accurately coloured his face, neck, and hands. With some black curly hair, stuck on with gum, he formed himself cheek-whiskers, and added to his eyebrows. Mounting a blue velvet cap on his head, he was completely transformed to the figure and appearance of one of those mulattoes who are frequently seen in old pictures, bearing the coffee-pot or tea-kettle.

A week had scarcely passed when Inigo rejoiced the eyes of the confederates by his re-appearance.

"Well, *mon ami*, what success?" was eagerly demanded.

Without replying, Inigo took from a secret pocket two *rouleaux*, each containing fifty gold pieces, and laid them on the table.

"The nucleus of our future fortune," said Thibault; but pr'ythee did the old dame bleed freely?"



UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY

"Like a stuck pig," replied Inigo.

He then proceeded to relate that he had at first some difficulty in obtaining a strictly private interview with Madame de Poquefouville; that he found her excessively nervous. He entreated her not to be under the slightest alarm, for he had journeyed from Paris in order to do her the most essential service—a service connected with her honour, character, and peace of mind; and the old lady implored him to relieve her anxiety at once, and be explicit. He told her he fully intended to do so. He then stated that a very extraordinary story relating to her was likely to be made public, by the instrumentality of a rascal who had some time before pretended to be one Fra Jose, a Spanish confessor; and that her adventures (by her own confession) were likely to be printed in a new gazette at Paris. Madame de Poquefouville was horror-struck; upon which Inigo blandly told her that he thought that he possessed the power to hold back all the information that had

been gained, though he was apprehensive that it would cost a little hard cash.

"If it was only myself," added Inigo, with his countenance beaming with benevolence, "the affair could be easily arranged; but there are others who are not so scrupulous, and their slanderous tongues must be silenced; I have no doubt whatever that all they will say about you is slander, but it would not look well in a public newspaper (which will be extensively circulated) to find you accused of eloping from your home, after having robbed your affectionate father: then marrying a Jew; and then being detected in smuggling tobacco across the frontier, after having murdered an infant in swaddling clothes. I mean to say, Madame de Poquefouville, that all these facts might seriously detract from your high respectability, your acknowledged character for piety, charity—in fine, it might injure you, in the opinion of the Marchioness de Cassemacasse, who, although she is deaf, is not blind; so my advice to you

would be, my dear Madame, to stifle at once this calumny in its infancy, and purchase the silence of the infamous wretch who has thus betrayed your confidence."

Cartouche and Thibault chuckled with delight at the profound tone of pompous gravity with which Inigo had delivered his oration. He added that he found no further impediment with Madame de Poquefouville, who, in the midst of hysterical sobs, acceded to his counsel.

"There are the proofs of the pudding," added Inigo; "and, depend upon it, I have caught an old goose, who, if she does not cackle, will lay us a great number of golden eggs."

Inigo approved of the title of the proposed gazette, and said that it would decidedly give people a notion of what they might expect. It was then arranged that they should take possession of their office on the following day; and, as Cartouche was deemed to be sufficiently disguised, that he should accompany them, and commence business in earnest.

The placarded *affiche* was put forth that the new publication, *La Coupe-Gorge*, would positively appear on a certain day. Advertisements were accordingly sent for the announcement of the sale of quack medicines, nostrums to procure health and vigour to worn-out debauchees, perfumery, &c. We must not omit to record one of the advertisements, which put forth the undoubted fact that an empiric had acquired great reputation by a "medicine for the cure of the gout, under the title of *Tincture of the Moon*, of which some drops were to be administered every morning in a bason of broth." Fortunately for the poor, the gout was not a very common disorder with their class, as the *Tincture of the Moon* was never adapted to any but the richest, for the price of a bottle full, not larger than a small phial, was eighty louis d'ors. The advertisement went on to state that the operation of the medicine was *insensible*. So thought Cartouche, who received the advertisement and the money for its insertion, and he

said, "There are, thank heaven! as great thieves in the world as ourselves."

The next advertisement that presented itself for *La Coupe-Gorge*, was brought by an officer of Monsieur d'Argenson, lieutenant of police, with a peremptory order that it should be printed in a conspicuous place, and which was handed to the hero of these adventures, and was worded as follows:—

"Fifty Louis d'Ors Reward!

"Whereas, there are sundry charges of robberies before the Minister of Police against Louis Dominique Cartouche.

"The said Louis Dominique Cartouche is conjectured to be concealed in Paris. He is five feet ten inches in height, strongly built, has hazel eyes, pale complexion, aquiline nose. When last seen he was attired in a crimson velvet coat, trimmed with gold lace, and lined with light blue silk; a black satin vest, embroidered with large passion-flowers, crimson breeches,

flounced at the knees with lace, grey silk stockings and marone clocks, and shoes with ample rosettes; he also wore an auburn peruke.

"Whoever will give such information as may lead to the apprehension of the said Louis Dominique Cartouche, shall receive the above reward, on application to Monsieur Marc Pierce d'Argenson, Lieutenant-General of Police."

It certainly did require the exertion of some presence of mind to meet so unlooked-for an event without emotion; but Cartouche, trusting to his complete disguise, did not betray himself; the only fear that crossed his mind was, that his dear associates, Thibault au Dé, or Inigo, or even Madame, might like to earn the fifty pieces of gold at his expense. At any rate, the officer of police went out of the *Coupe-Gorge* office no wiser than he came in; and Louis Dominique did not regret his departure.

The first number of the paper appeared; great care was taken by the three illustrious

editors, that no offence should be given to any officers of government. All the smart and satirical strokes were aimed only at *initials*; and as this was an experiment, even these, with one exception, were fictitious. The annexed is the style of some of the paragraphs:—

"As fearless and unflinching advocates for the cause of virtue, we warn the Marquis de ****** that his designs on the lovely Mademoiselle Q., are under watchful eyes; and that any fresh steps he may take in the affair will be instantly and publicly exposed in *La Coupe-Gorge*."

"It is quite true that the Chevalier M****** swallowed a pair of false dice, at the Café P**** one night last week, to escape detection. The Chevalier will not be permitted to repeat this dexterous feat unnoticed."

"Madame de P********** will perceive that we have kept our word with her. Indeed, we had a hundred reasons for doing so."

"The disastrous event which has occurred in

the family of Vicomte de la H**** T*****, must, if necessary (however disagreeable the details), be fully explained to the whole fashionable world of Paris, through the medium of our impartial journal. At present we withhold the private information we have received from a quarter which renders it impracticable for us to doubt its veracity."

"In reply to an 'unknown correspondent,' we can confidently inform him that Monsieur le Duc de ***** *does not* wear armour under his clothes."

"We have a rod in pickle for Baron B******. Let him beware. We are a dog with three heads. We not only bark, but *bite*."

When these beautiful paragraphs had been arranged in manuscript, Cartouche, with his accustomed hardihood, and perhaps by way of testing the good faith of his accomplices, wrote the following lines, and requested their insertion in *La Coupe-Gorge*.

"Up to the present moment, no intelligence whatever has been obtained of one Louis Dominique Cartouche, for whose apprehension the Minister of Police has offered a reward, on a charge of stealing diamonds, the property of her Majesty the Queen of Spain—*vide* the advertisement, describing his person, &c., in front of our paper."

Thibault au Dé and Inigo, on reading this precious and impudent *morceau*, laid their heads on the table, screeching with laughter. Cartouche's paragraph, however, was printed with the rest.

The fickle Parisian public, ever open-mouthed for novelty, bought and read the published papers of *La Coupe-Gorge;* it made its way into the *cafés*, and its very blackguardism caused it to become popular. And now an addition arrived to its pages through the means of a myriad of anonymous correspondents, who were willing to vent their private spleen, and detail anecdotes and scandal, merely to gratify their

own malignant passions. The paper was crowded with lies. Some unpleasant and painful truths undoubtedly appeared, but it was at the expense of the seared feelings of those unfortunates against whom they were uttered.

And now it was that the hellish villains who pandered thus to depraved taste prospered for a time; for soon there appeared a source of profit far superior in value to the proceeds of the ordinary sale of *La Coupe-Gorge*. The carriage of the Marquis de Louvois drove up in front of the office of the popular new journal. Thibault was attired fashionably, Inigo wore the plain costume of a notary, while Cartouche, for reasons of state, continued his disguise. As they peered through the casement of the editorial apartment, each of the worthies made up their minds not to be in the least overwhelmed by the presence of a Marquis. A remarkably well-dressed person, after waiting some time, having expected somebody to come to the carriage-door from the office, stepped out. The rascals at first sup-

posed this to be the Marquis himself, but it was only the *maître d'hôtel*, who brought his master's "visiting ticket," with a message that his lordship wished to see the editor of *La Coupe-Gorge*. What was to be done? Etiquette had not certainly been infringed, and, therefore, one head of the firm must *condescend* to call on the Marquis.

After the departure of the *maître d'hôtel*, Inigo, being less known in the Parisian metropolis than Thibault au Dé, undertook to go at noon of the following day.

"Here is another golden goose for us," said Cartouche.

Inigo, attired in his plain black suit, was punctual to his appointment, and arrived at the magnificent hotel of the Marquis de Louvois. In the entrance-hall were a fat porter and two lacqueys in gorgeous liveries, seated in three arm-chairs, and all three fast asleep and snoring. Inigo waited a short time, and then took the great liberty to endeavour to arouse

the porter from his slumber, who opened his heavy eyes, but did not rise or speak. Inigo, with a consequential 'a-hem,' said, "I have an appointment with Monsieur le Marquis." The porter, with some difficulty, raised his fat arm, pointed, with his finger, to the sleeping valet in the adjoining chair, and resigned himself again to repose. Inigo now ventured to awake this second person, who rubbed his eyes, winked, expectorated, and stared. Inigo repeated his errand; lacquey No. 2 (imitating unconsciously the action of the porter) pointed to lacquey No. 3, threw himself back in his arm-chair, and went off once more to sleep.

Inigo was a patient man, so he tried to awake his third sleeping-partner in the house, but the footman was dreaming that he was winning a game of chance; and, as Inigo shook him, he exclaimed, in a stifled voice, "Seven's the main!" "Go it again!" "Nicks!" "You're diddled!" "Give me the ivories!" "Size, ace!" At length he was sufficiently aroused to

discover that he was not at play, and that Inigo was in earnest, for he had ignominiously pulled his nose to awake him.

Inigo here repeated his message, when No. 3 led him into an ante-chamber, wherein a couple of mincing pages amused their leisure by affecting the gestures of their betters, and talking of the opera, Molière, Mademoiselle de Scuderi's last romance in sixteen volumes, and the price of hair-powder. These gaily-dressed fellows took as little notice of Inigo as though he had been a *décrotteur*. However, after a time they thought proper to do him the honour to announce his name to the Marquis.

Inigo entered, and bowed profoundly. The Marquis at the moment was engaged in blackening his eyebrows with a Turkish preparation called *kohl;* he then rouged his cheeks, and afterwards perfumed the lace ruffles at his wrists and knees. This done, a valet took off the Marquis's embroidered slippers, and substituted a pair of shoes *à la mode*, with red heels, and

lined with white satin; he also completed his master's dress in other respects, and girded on him a sword, the blade of which was of ash, in order that its weight might not fatigue. The valet having quitted the room, the Marquis threw himself *nonchalamment* into an arm-chair, took from a silver salver a pastille or two, approached them delicately to his lips, ate them; opened his snuff-box (wherein were three qualities of the fragrant herb), and regaled his nose; coughed like a young lady at a wedding, fanned himself with a white silk handkerchief shot with rose, got up from his chair, attitudinized before a lofty mirror, pirouetted on his heel, and then turning to Inigo, said, "You are the editor of the new gazette?"

Inigo bent his head.

"I believe—that is to say, I have been assured that you are excessively clever at rhyming, that is writing poetry—eh? Your satires are indeed admirable; and I wish you to write me one of the most cutting that the imagination of

man—eh! can conceive; you shall be well paid for your trouble—you understand, eh?"

"Perfectly, my lord," replied Inigo, observing that the Marquis de Louvois had pointed his gloved finger towards a purse on the table, heavily laden with gold pieces, and of which he intended to be the *accoucheur*.

"You must know," continued the Marquis, "that the Duke—eh! I mean a *quondam* friend of mine, who shall for the time be nameless—affects to treat me with contempt on all occasions when we meet in society, and has the audacity to contradict me before the women. This conduct is not to be borne; therefore, all I want is, that you should utterly immolate him to my desire of vengeance; destroy—exterminate."

"*Destroy*, my lord?" said Inigo, with a dubious expression of countenance.

"With your pen—your pen," replied the noble patron.

"Pardon me, my lord," said Inigo (who of course had his motives), "might I be so bold as

to venture to suggest that the better method of arranging the affair would be to challenge him to single and deadly combat?"

The Marquis gave another rather feminine cough; and intimated that the line of conduct proposed, might be all very well for some second-rate gentlemen of Poictou or Brittany, but, for a person of his quality, nothing on the face of the world could be more decidedly vulgar. "Besides, my enemy is a very devil at the sword, and would not scruple at the first pass to penetrate—ah!—to shed the blood of the ancient house of Louvois; of that house whose members both male and female, have rendered such extraordinary service to the state, or rather to our sovereigns.* Remember too, that the Duke, I mean my antagonist, is the aggressor, and that I am the injured party; which of us, therefore. ought to be punished?"

"You reason like a second Solon, my lord," said Inigo, "but I know not the Duke or his

* "L'Etat—c'est moi!" Louis XIV., loquitur.

character, and how, therefore, can I abuse him to the extent of your wish?"

"That shall be easily arranged," answered the second Solon.

"But I am not even acquainted with his name," remarked the editor of *La Coupe-Gorge*.

"No matter," said the Marquis de Louvois. "Is he not my personal enemy? Let my rage inspire you. Think, dream, rave, concoct—do all that poetry and fiction can achieve; here are a hundred louis in part payment of that which I intend to give you if you succeed; judge, therefore, of my liberality by my resentment. Mark, too," uttered the Marquis in a mysterious under-tone, "if this prospers, I shall have the ear of the minister, and can serve you—you understand."

"But I must have a name, even if it be a fictitious one, my lord," said Inigo.

"Leave a blank for the after insertion of the name, and do not be nice in your abuse," replied the Marquis; and he pointed to the

door, intimating that Inigo might take his departure.

This young nobleman, so remarkable for his foppishness, opulence, and extravagance, became, at a subsequent period, a professed wit, *plein de malice*, and one of the most eccentric personages of his day.

On returning to his accomplices, Inigo was pronounced to have made a very good *haul*. This success set the trio to work with spirit. *La Coupe-Gorge* was the theme of all the coffee-house idlers; the receptacle of every species of slander; private character was demolished by any malicious wretch who chose to detract reputation anonymously, and pay for the insertion of the rascally effusions.

The funds of Messieurs Thibault au Dé, Inigo, and Cartouche, would have been ample, if one little drawback had not existed; the first two worthies were professed gamblers, and they soon inoculated Cartouche with a love of play. He, well dressed, but still with his West Indian face,

boldy accompanied his friends to the *Cirque* gaming-house, a splendid establishment belonging to the Count de Custine; and thither Cartouche was introduced as a young native of Mauritius, of French parentage on the side of the father. This was readily credited, as the island had recently been taken possession of by the French, who called it the *Isle de France*, and it was a subject of general interest and conversation. Cartouche's difficulty in keeping up his assumed character rested on everlastingly having to tax his invention to reply to the questions put to him, as to the produce, natural history, &c. of his birth-place; but, by being blessed with the faculty of lying most ingeniously, he contrived to escape detection.

Cartouche was of a temperament that readily yielded to the excitement of deep play—the vice which has been so aptly described by a lively French author, "as a frantic passion, whose consequences lead to every crime—to murder and to suicide; a passion that does away

with all distinctions; for the prince forgets his dignity, and woman her modesty. It extinguishes conversation, and even wit; silence, phlegm, and mechanical accuracy, being the only requisites for playing well; gaming is the only employment in which women do not talk."

The gaming houses were licensed by government. It is a fact that many sums of money have been won at the tables, but the "farmers" of them annually netted immensely; though the amount gained was obtained solely by the "pulls" in favour of the banks at the different games, which act as a sort of per centage on all money risked; and are so great, and operate so powerfully, that all money taken into the houses must, in time, fall upon those pulls alone, by the fair and common chances of the game: but then they must be aided by the passions of the players.

Ill-gotten wealth never does any good. The cash that was extorted from weak persons threatened with public exposure, and that which

was received from the malignant for blackening character, and for libelling anybody and anything, by the editors of *La Coupe-Gorge*, was all lost nightly by the trio, the members of which never contented with winning a little, would always risk a great deal. If a hundred louis were in the common purse in the morning, they were feverishly dispersed at night. Cartouche became the most reckless gamester of the three; and Monsieur Mungo, as he was called, was the theme of admiration of all the tables.

One night, as Cartouche was playing a heavy stake, a young gentleman fixed his eyes on him, —in fact, he appeared so interested with Louis Dominique that he could not withdraw his gaze. Cartouche was absorbed in the game. Fortune favoured him; he won a large sum. When he had gathered it before him he looked around, and suddenly recognised his schoolfellow, the Count Conconnas, regarding him intently.

## CHAPTER XIII.

CARTOUCHE ENCOUNTERS AN OLD PLAYMATE—PAYS FOR BEING FOUND IN GOOD COMPANY—INIGO COMPOSES A SATIRE—HOW THE BITERS WERE BIT—CARTOUCHE GOES DOWN IN THE WORLD, AND UP TO A GARRET—COMMENCEMENT OF A MIRACLE.

When Cartouche arose from the table, and had pocketed his money, he went to a side-board and drank a goblet of wine; Count Conconnas, the younger, followed him thither, and said to him in an under tone, "Monsieur Mungo, have I not had the pleasure of meeting you before?"

Cartouche was momentarily disconcerted, but answered, "How long is it, sir, since you were at Mauritius?"

The Count, with a tact for which Louis Dominique would not have given him credit, replied,

"Oh, it is some years since; I merely went over to the island to endeavour to recover a sum of money that was due to me."

"Indeed!" said Monsieur Mungo, "I hope you got it."

"I regret to say I did not," continued Count Conconnas.

"Well," remarked Monsieur Mungo, "I was acquainted with every person of note at Mauritius; pray, what was your debtor's name?"

"Will you permit me to whisper it to you?" said the Count.

"By all means."

Count Conconnas placed his mouth to the tawney ear of Monsieur Mungo, and softly uttered, "His name was—Louis Dominique Cartouche."

"Cartouche!" echoed Monsieur Mungo, "you don't say so?"

"The fact is," said Conconnas, "this gaming-table has been my ruin; a cursed run of ill-luck has swallowed all my ready capital. The hun-

dred crowns that have been due to me for several years, could I get them repaid, would be of the last importance to me at this moment."

Cartouche glanced keenly at the Count, and said, " Supposing I were to advance the hundred crowns for the person you name ?"

" I would acquit him of all blame, and be as much his friend as ever," replied Conconnas. " I cannot very well leave this room without the money, so help me if you can; I have seen you win a large sum."

" Do we thoroughly understand each other ?" whispered Cartouche to his school-fellow.

" I pledge you my honour," replied the Count, " that the secret of which I am in possession shall be inviolate; and, moreover, that I will endeavour to aid you in every way in my power."

" Come behind this screen," said Cartouche; " there is not any necessity that Monsieur Mungo should be seen publicly paying the debt of a *stranger*."

The Count followed, and Cartouche handed the hundred crowns over to him.

"Do you remember the flogging I endured for you?" asked Louis Dominique.

"I shall never forget your courageous interference," replied Conconnas.

Here was another instance of the demoralising principle of gaming: A young nobleman recognising a notorious criminal, condescending in a humiliating manner to receive money—which certainly was due to him—the consequences of play reducing him to the meanness of resuming the acquaintance of a publicly-sought felon. Nay, the Count stooped still lower, for rushing again to the table, he speedily lost the hundred crowns; and was then compelled to beg of Cartouche the sum for which he was distressed—a loan from one of the liveried attendants of the gambling-house, and which he now repaid, with a liberal *douceur* for its use.

Inigo commenced his tirade against some "person unknown," and he certainly did his

best to earn his money from the Marquis de Louvois. We will endeavour to give a few prose lines as a specimen of his style, and we are induced to do so as the effusion produced a very peculiar effect on the prosperity of *La Coupe-Gorge* and its worthy editors.

"ON THE MOST UNPRINCIPLED OF HUMAN BEINGS.

"The contemptible wretch we are about to describe was born under the influence of an evil planet.

"* * * * * has the temerity to imagine that he possesses genius; but, if that be the case, it fully proves to the public it is not impossible that a man may be endowed with great genius, and yet be a consummate fool at the same time. * * * * * makes it his habit to caress those he despises—what dissimulation! His caresses serve to conceal his contempt. If * * * * * is disgusted, he endeavours to hide it under the appearance of satisfaction.

"* * * * * has the vanity to fancy that he is admired by the nation, and that he was born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groans; but who will give credit to the doctrines of an atheist?

"* * * * * it must be acknowledged, does not possess all the cardinal virtues, for he is revengeful, envious, treacherous, cruel, and addicted to every variety of excess. He is, moreover, a calumniator, a bully, and a coward.

"* * * * * has been an oppressor of the poor, of the widow, and the orphan! He has been a public marauder on an extensive scale; in short, to sum up all, we have no hesitation in publicly expressing our candid opinion that * * * * * would be a decided disgrace to the gallows."

This elegant effusion, having been duly eulogised by Thibault au Dé and Cartouche, who both pronounced it to be ten degrees beyond perfection, was carried by Inigo to the hotel of

the Marquis de Louvois. The nobleman, on perusing the lines, expressed his entire approbation, but suggested a few trifling additions, which went so far as to attack the characters of the female relatives of whomsoever the abused person might be.

The Marquis, who appeared to be very cautious lest he should commit himself, informed Inigo that he should send the name that he desired to have placed in all the fore-mentioned blanks, in the course of the following day. The Marquis de Louvois, having then an engagement, to meet at the levee of the Duke of Orleans, the identical nobleman, with graciousness and smiles, on whom he intended to affix the vituperation, pointed to the door as a signal for the departure of Inigo.

Inigo, not to be accused of want of diligence, immediately carried the precious manuscript to the secret printing-office in the employ of *La CoupeGorge*, and the subject matter was duly set up in form.

Cartouche, highly elated with his winnings at the table, proposed that Thibault au Dé, the Chevalier Bavarde de Tromperie, and himself, should make their way to the best *restaurant* in Paris, and under his auspices, to play a little game of chance. This game consisted entirely in ascertaining which of the erudite editors could stow away the greater number of dishes, or deposit in their cellar departments the most considerable qnantity of good wine, to say nothing of *liqueurs*. In this pastime, these excellent gentlemen were so proficient, that a considerable period passed ere it could be ascertained which could possibly be the winner of the game. After soups, stews, *entrémets*, *rôtis*, fish, *gibier*, confectionery, cheese, and dessert—Cartouche won by half a fowl, forty oysters, and all the fruit that was left on the table by these atrocious *gourmands*.

On the following day, the editors did not arrive till late at the office of *La Coupe-Gorge*, and they patiently awaited the communication

of the Marquis de Louvois, as it was a settled affair that the fore-mentioned fine eulogy on character should appear in the next number of the gazette. Irritable in stomach, from the enormous eating and drinking of the preceding night, Cartouche, Inigo, and Thibault au Dé, required what is termed by *bons vivants*, "a hair of the same dog;" so they again adjourned to the tavern, when, after drinking freely, they went to their accustomed seats at the gaming-table, and commenced by winning every main. They all three became so absorbed, that for a time they totally forgot *La Coupe-Gorge*, and everything connected with it; Thibault au Dé, however, coming to his recollection, could not find it in his heart to quit the table; and as Inigo and Cartouche were both winning, they decided that it would be a sin and shame to set their faces against such a glorious run of good luck; so they agreed to despatch Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie to the office, giving him a discretionary power to open any communication, and to insert

in the blanks, the name sent by the Marquis de Louvois. These directions were given in the heat of the game, and were so frequently interrupted by the rattling of the dice, and the excited feelings of the successful gamblers, that Bavarde de Tromperie, who had also taken more wine than prudence would have recommended, did not quite clearly comprehend his errand. With the innate modesty which appertained to his character as a gentleman, he undertook the task; and jauntingly quitting the gaming-house, walked towards *La Coupe-Gorge* office. In his road thither, he met a nymph of his acquaintance, who insisted that he should treat her to some ices and *liqueurs;* his gallantry would not permit a refusal, and at the coffee-house to which they retired, he added to the heated state of his brain by a plentiful dose of *eau de vie*. Parting affectionately from the damsel, he went to the office, where he beheld a heap of letters on the editorial table. The printer's devil was waiting for orders, and for

the correction of the proof-sheet of the libellous effusion.

Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie commenced opening all the letters with an air of infinite importance, and after glancing at the contents, threw them on the table. At length the devil ventured to tell him that the time was very short before the gazette must be printed off, and that his master was waiting for a name by which the blanks were to be filled up. Bavarde de Tromperie was now rather perplexed, and began again to overhaul the perplexity of papers, when a card met his eye, on which was inscribed, "THE MARQUIS DE LOUVOIS."

He recollected that Thibault au Dé had mentioned that name (and De Tromperie was not in the secret), so he, without any further reflection, wrote into every one of the spaces "*The Marquis de Louvois*," and dispatched the boy with it to the printer's.

Judge, then, the astonishment, the horror, on the following day, of the nobleman and his

relatives—the surprise of all the *café* loungers in Paris—the bitter vexation of Inigo, Cartouche, and Thibault au Dé, when they thus perused the article in *La Coupe-Gorge !*

"ON THE MOST UNPRINCIPLED OF HUMAN BEINGS.

"The contemptible wretch we are about to describe was born under the influence of an evil planet.

"The *Marquis de Louvois* has the temerity to think that he possesses genius; but, if that be the case, it fully proves to the public it is not impossible that a man may be endowed with great genius, and yet be a consummate fool at the same time.

"The *Marquis de Louvois* makes it his habit to caress those he despises—what dissimulation! His caresses serve to conceal his contempt. If the *Marquis de Louvois* is disgusted, he endeavours to hide it under the appearance of satisfaction.

"The *Marquis de Louvois* has the vanity to fancy that he is admired by the nation: and that he was born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groans. But who will give credit to the doctrines of an atheist?

"The *Marquis de Louvois*, it must be acknowledged, does not possess all the cardinal virtues, for he is revengeful, envious, treacherous, cruel, and addicted to every variety of excess. He is, moreover, a calumniator, a bully, and a coward.

"The *Marquis de Louvois* has been an oppressor of the poor, of the widow, and the orphan. He has been a public marauder on an extensive scale; in short, to sum up all, we have no hesitation in publicly expressing our candid opinion that the *Marquis de Louvois* would be a decided disgrace to the gallows."

Then followed gross imputations on the characters of the female relatives, sisters, aunts,

and cousins, which completely took all the composure from the mind of the Marquis, accustomed as he was to view the affairs of the world (when they did not interfere with his selfishness) with *nonchalance*, or affected serenity.

Here was a most delicious state of affairs! Had the demon, who it has been supposed put his clawed finger on the whole arrangements of that eventful evening, determined to do his most damnable, his *excellency* could not have effected a more perfect discomfiture to the confederated seoundrels.

First—Although the beginning of the evening was greatly to the advantage of Inigo, Cartouche, and Thibault au Dé, the mad fools could not stop. If they could have walked from the tables—if they could but have invested the money they had won—if they could but have retired into obscurity, and have endeavoured, by their future lives, to have atoned for their past peccadilloes—but, no, it was not in the nature of the beasts!

The bank of the gaming-table was on the point of being broke for the night—the house would close at one o'clock: when these three reckless rascals, not content with gaining a little fortune, chose—insisted, on treble stakes, in the avaricious hope of winning more. We will not detain our readers with the result at any length —they were all reduced to their last louis d'or.

This position of their affairs was not at all improved by another event. It never rains but it pours; misfortune seldom comes alone! The young Count Duchatelet, son to the Marquis de Groc, had arrived in Paris. The robbery of the diamonds had been discovered; and, as the family jewels were highly valued, Duchatelet, who, through his own imprudence had been the innocent cause of their loss, to appease his father, and regain his own self-esteem, determined to abandon his hawks, journey to the capital, and set the Parisian police to work to discover the thief.

The authorities, on the bare mention of dia-

monds, recollected how extremely fortunate they had been in the discovery of the Queen of Spain's gems; so they put their ferrets on the same scent, and the first point was to threaten the two sharping ladies, the sham Countess de Bergerac and her *gouvernante*, with the torture; but as these fair creatures had a very sensible objection to tight lacing, as being extremely prejudicial to comfort and health, they readily confessed that they had also received two more diamonds (the ring and the *agraffe*) from the person they supposed to be the Duke de Nivernois, and that they had sold them to old Nicholas Flamel. This, as a matter of course, raised a fresh hue and cry against Louis Dominique Cartouche, who henceforth became yet more popular with the police of Paris.

The Marquis de Louvois had accidentally tumbled into his own pitfall; and he was pondering as to the course he could possibly pursue, when the whole host of his lady relatives, accompanied by their male family con-

nections, laid siege to the Hotel Louvois, all breathing vengeance against the horrid, the libellous publication, *La Coupe-Gorge*.

The Count was desperately perplexed, but endeavoured at first to laugh the affair off, and to treat it with the contempt it deserved. But this, however it might have suited the purposes of Louvois, did not in the slightest degree satisfy the honour or excited feelings of the ladies: who decided unanimously that whoever the wretch might be who penned the villainous libel, he should end his days in one of the cells in the Bastile, shaped like an inverted cone, wherein the prisoner could never by any possibility either stand, sit, or lie in a natural or easy position.

It was in vain that the wealthy, the voluptuous Marquis de Louvois remonstrated. The females had been seriously calumniated (and even the scoundrel Inigo was not the author of that portion of the libel), and they were up in arms. They were all women of high rank; and finding, to their utter surprise, that the Marquis de

Louvois was exceedingly cold and morbid on the subject, they left his hotel, and ordered their carriages at once to drive to the residence of Monsieur Marc Pierce D'Argenson, the lieutenant-general of police, where they obtained an immediate audience, and all ten ladies poured forth their grievances at once. It was the most perplexing case the minister ever had before him.

The result of this formidable attack on Monsieur D'Argenson, was the seizure of the office (and all its contents) of *La Coupe-Gorge*, of which the wily editors were soon apprised; and they scuttled off, as rapidly as possible, towards their sanctuary in the Rue Thibault au Dé. Here they were met by Madame au Dé, in a state of hysterical agitation, who alarmed them by the intelligence that the officers of police were in possession of their snug and convenient retreat, of all the costly purloined furniture; in short, everything, even to her lute and last farthingale, was gone; and that her advice was, that they

should all separate. She embraced Thibault tenderly, and begged, as a favour, that he would keep his neck out of a halter. As the confederates were now aware that they were hotly pursued, it was evident that another place of concealment must be immediately found. Thibault au Dé asked Madame if she had any small change about her, when she rummaged her pockets, and found a few livres, which she handed to him. She further informed them that Douce Esperance was in custody; and that their secret apartments could only have been betrayed by old Mion de Boule, on whose honour she had such reliance that she was certain that if she had not been placed on the rack, like a flitch of bacon, she would not have *split*. They parted. It was a melancholy termination to their prosperity. Indeed, it was so affecting that we must beg a small respite in our narrative, and pass over eight or ten days.

We are now gazing at the *porte cochere* of a

large, ramshackling, ricketty, ancient, house in the *Rue des Petits Oiseaux*, in whlch reside, temporarily, three persons of great distinction in their peculiar walks of life. These gentlemen are in a state of *exaltation*, for they dwell in the *mansarde*. In this apartment (of six pair) the first floor down the chimney, the ceiling formed an isosceles triangle to accommodate the roof, and in the more acute portions thereof, two truckle beds were stowed away ; three broken stools, a short form (not of prayer), a casserole, and a coffee-pot, were included in the residue of the furniture. The hearth boasted of a fire, on which a few sticks still crackled, and around it were seated three figures of very questionable appearance. One of them was coat-and-waistcoat-less, and luxuriated in one slipper, which he ever and anon changed from foot to foot, as the pedal extremity became chilled. His hair was dishevelled—his whole appearance was *distrait* and destitute. He thrust his hands near the embers, rubbed them,

rose up, walked a step or two, knit his brows, shivered, swore, and then sat down again; this was Cartouche. Fate had almost done its worst with him; he was, to use a vulgar expression, completely "cleaned out," and so were his companions, Inigo and Thibault au Dé. The latter worthy muttered curses on all croupiers from the time of Dyonisius of Syracuse (the first player at pitch and toss) downwards.

It was, at all events, something consolatory that the *Mont de Piété* of that day had proved itself a resource in the hour of need; various articles of the wearing apparel of each of the gentlemen having been completely transformed into something else. The hat of Cartouche had been for some time changed into a scrag of mutton, the laced cravat of Thibault au Dé was turned into a quarter of a yard of tripe, and the pair of green spectacles of Inigo had resolved themselves into half a dozen cabbages.

Altogether the trio formed a picture worthy of examination. Here were three great men—

witty, full of talent and resources, diplomatists of the highest order—reduced to the necessity of dining upon nothing! Truth to say, the energies of Cartouche were for once paralysed; good cheer and warmth, and a little of "the ready" in possession, were the necessary aliments on which the excited—particularly the excited to ill deeds—live and thrive.

A thief stripped of his finery, and starving, is already within an inch of the gallows! Such was the thought that flashed across the mind of Cartouche as he ground his teeth together, which ornaments to his mouth were in the actual enjoyment of a sinecure.

Hunger was gnawing the internals of the three ex-editors. Cartouche seized the coffee-pot, in which he recollected he had left some coffee, and he placed it on the embers in the hope of giving it a gentle boil up. He then endeavoured to fan up the fire with his slipper; having succeeded in raising a faint flame, he was gratified to observe that his beverage stewed

gently. Reaching a cup without a handle he began the operation of pouring out his coffee, but something in the spout obstructed the passage; he was induced to examine closely for the cause, when a thin twine emerged from the spout; in pulling this out, it proved to be the tail of a starved mouse, which had unfortunately met a watery grave (tinctured with the fragrant berry) in the pot. Empty as he was, and craving for nourishment, his stomach revolted.

Inigo made an attempt at a rally; "This line of conduct can be pursued no longer," said he; "starvation is a worse death than hanging, if the worst comes to the worst! A thought strikes me," continued he, "the cemetery of St. Medard has not had a miracle for the last twelve months."

"And what is that to us?" grumbled out Thibault au Dé, whose internals rumbled like distant thunder, from positive vacuity.

"What is in the wind now?" said Cartouche, elated with hungry hope, for he had confidence in Inigo's talents.

"In my younger days," replied Inigo; "I have told you I was celebrated as a Scaramouch, and up to this time retain the ability to throw myself into any imaginable position, If you, gentlemen, have no objection, I will rehearse my part." So saying, he dragged the straw mattress into the centre of the room, and there he went through all the motions of the lame, halting, miserable supplicant gradually divested of his infirmities, and finally bounding about like an antelope.

The spirits of Cartouche were considerably raised by this exhibition; and Inigo felt so much encouraged that after having arrayed himself as a beggar—which, by the way, gave him very little trouble—and marking his face with charcoal and soot, he set out to perform in earnest.

With this view, he made his way through the streets in the direction of the cemetery of St. Medard, where approaching a tomb that stood near the footpath of the chapel, he, with great apparent difficulty, crawled to the top of it;

there he howled, groaned, and grimaced, and thus speedily enlisted the compassion of all the passers-by, who threw him copper coin in abundance; one old lady in the sad coloured habit of a devotee, and holding in her hand a string of beads almost as large as a rope of onions, distanced her compeers in charity by the bestowal of a piece of four livres. On receiving this, so loud were the yells of Inigo that the Curé Père Hilarie was attracted to the spot, exclaiming, "*Pauvre estropié!* descend as thou best may, and I will assist thee from the poor-box." A crowd of women and ancient persons were assembled as spectators; and it must be confessed that Inigo acted his part inimitably, for he tumbled from the tomb to the earth. Being raised, he asserted that he could not possibly relate how it could have happened, but he already felt himself considerably better.

"Then thou hast but to come daily," observed the Père Hilarie, with a benevolent smile, "and with help from above, I will answer for thy

ultimate restoration ; nay," said he, with something that very much resembled a wink, and at the same time giving him a handful of small coin, "thou art thyself well assured of that."

Inigo looked his thanks and something more, and being put on his legs by some compassionate bystanders, who sincerely hoped that he had not anything catching about him, he limped to the nearest corner, and then, when out of the sight of the spectators, made the best of his way toward the *Rue des Petits Oiseaux.*

Recollecting the situation of his comrades, he stopped and purchased bread, sausages, a *gigot de mouton,* wine, and brandy, with which he skipped up the six stories' stairs to the lofty *mansarde.* Giving a preconcerted signal, he was admitted, and exhibited his treasures to their famished eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! *c'en est fait.* Here is the result of the labour of this day, and I have seven days' work to come still better than this."

"But how, Inigo?" cried the two starved thieves at once.

"Eat, ye villains! eat and drink!" answered Inigo; "suffice it to say that I have fallen in with a speculator, who coolly calculates the means of employing miracles in the forwarding of his projects."

The confederates crammed themselves comfortably full.

## CHAPTER XIV.

BAVARDE DE TROMPERIE IS MADE A STATE PRISONER—INIGO SHINES IN A MIRACLE, AND PROVIDES FOR HIS FRIENDS—CARTOUCHE TAKES A BATH, AND GETS INTO HOT WATER—A SCENE OF MISERY.

It will not be too much to assert, that three better appetites never did justice to viands and wine; a glorious fire illuminated and cheered the room in the roof, and the evening was spent in jovial conference as to the schemes which were to brighten the future.

While they were enjoying themselves in tolerable security, the Chevalier Bavarde de Tromperie was traced by means of the printer's devil, and arrested while he was making his toilette. It was in vain that he entreated that the officers

would permit him to finish the operation of shaving and perfuming himself that he might, as he said, go to court like a gentleman, but they were iuexorable, and he was hurried before the Minister of Police. The chevalier was not aware of the exact offence for which he had been taken up; and the last thing that would have entered his self-satisfied imagination, was his employment (for one evening only) in the office of *La Coupe-Gorge*, and in which he had flattered himself that he had acquitted his task with his usual talent. So he threw back his recollections to his latest exploits: "Was he arrested for stealing the pair of red stockings from Mademoiselle Partoin, which he liberally presented to Madame Honorie Grandfleur?" No. "Was it for the little affair of pretending to be an agent of the Minister of the Interior, and receiving various sums of money as *douceurs* for procuring places under government." He could not say. "Was it for the last jar of gratuitous snuff that he had taken from the shelf

of a tobacconist?" He was in doubt; and worse than that, in custody.

On the following day, Inigo, having attired himself for his character (which, by the way, like his raiment, could bear some patching up), repaired again to the cemetery of St. Medard, where he placed himself on the tomb, which he now discovered to be denominated the Shrine of the Bien Heureux of Paris; and observing the persons passing, he commenced his howlings and horrible contortions to the commiseration of an audience more numerous than brilliant, and after a performance which was at the proper moment highly appreciated by the *curé*, he was once more relieved from his sufferings; and his largesse on the second occasion was double that of the former one.

The truth was, that the alms bestowed by the superstitious at the Shrine of the Bien Heureux of Paris had very considerably fallen off in amount; and the *curé* and his brethren of St. Medard had been puzzling the small quantum

of brains in their possession, to ascertain the mode to increase the voluntary gifts of the righteous. Necessity and chance threw the wretched object represented by Inigo in their way.

He was a consummate actor, and was instantly engaged; he soon attracted crowds, and most rigidly adhered to the maxim of "honour among thieves," for he carried home nightly his earnings to his confederates.

On the eighth day (the last of his engagement, which had proved exceedingly profitable, for the alms at the shrine amounted to twenty-fold above whatever had been recorded of them), the cripple Inigo, who had been getting a little better in health every hour, was pronounced by the *curé* cured: and having performed several incomparable *cuisses des jambes*, and some *pirouettes* which were thrown into the bargain, the enchanted *curé* received the last jump into his reverend embraces, and hugged the sly and rascally mountebank with holy energy. He did

more—but that was in private; he presented him with fifty gold pieces, exclaiming, "Thou hast behaved like a true brother, and deservest a brother's reward; other shrines had most unworthily nearly thrown our blessed offertory into obscurity."

"Reduced to a crust and a shadow of dripping," remarked Inigo, with a leer. "The fare of the *frère*. Well, then, I congratulate myself on having been the means of furnishing your refectory with odoriferous *fricandeaux* and good wine. Holy father, it is lawful to have recourse to any *ruse* in so good a cause!"

"Go in peace, sinner," said the *curé;* "and mayst thou be as fortunate in the good cause elsewhere."

Inigo returned in high glee to the *mansarde*, laden like the bee, and when he had shed the golden honey from his wings, and all had gormandised to the best of their ability, they began to devise new schemes of mischief.

The war which had now been carried on for

so many years had drained not only the resources of the Grand Monarque, but had positively thinned the male population of France. During twenty-nine years of rapine and bloodshed, the sacrifice of life of the troops of Louis XIV. amounted to twelve hundred thousand men.

Recruits, therefore, were in great requisition —so much so, that even offenders against the laws, unless under very flagrant cases, were sent off to serve in the army in lieu of being committed to prison. This measure did not add much to the respectability of the service, though a great number of accomplished persons became warriors on compulsion. As it had been proved that the libel on the Marquis de Louvois was printed with the blanks left for the name prior to Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie having seen the said document, and that gentleman disclaiming all knowledge of the matter, and candidly admitting that the insertion of the name of the Marquis was a mistake of his own, he,

instead of a sojourn in the Bastile, was sentenced to be sent off to Flanders, then and there to serve as a gentleman common soldier. He was (like every person of rank and consideration), escorted to his place of destination most carefully guarded.

Louis Dominique Cartouche, completely tired of his garret, arose early one morning, determining to breathe some fresh air, and, if possible, to enjoy the luxury of a bath in the river Seine, for, be it known, that when the *mansarde* was furnished, all those articles of the toilette, such as washing-stand, basin, towel, or soap receptacle, had, for some cause or other, been omitted as superfluous. So Cartouche ventured down the six pair of stairs, and hurried through the streets in the direction of the most unfrequented part of the river.

Here he stripped to the skin, but he had been now so long without having seen himself in a looking-glass, that he utterly forgot his mulatto-coloured face; and an old washerwoman who

was at work on the banks of the Seine, was utterly astonished to behold a person with a very white skin, but with a black face, neck, and the same coloured hands, rush into the river. So remarkable an occurrence would set any old woman's tongue running, and the circumstance ran from laundress to laundress, who were ranged in long barges along the banks, like hens in a coop, whose constant cackling they imitated. They pondered in their minds whether an attempt had been made to realise the old fable, "to wash a black-a-moor white."

The water of the Seine did not possess the detergent quality that could remove the piebald appearance of the outer man of Louis Dominique, who, on returning to the bank, greatly refreshed, to re-dress himself, was already accosted by an itinerant showman, who had heard the wonderful report, that a human being with black head and hands, and white skin and feet, had been discovered bathing in the river.

So he came immediately to strike a bargain with, and to engage him, if possible.

Cartouche was first impressed with the notion that this person might be a spy of the police, so he hastened to get on his raiment.

"May I ask you from what country you came?" said the showman.

"What is that to you?" inquired Cartouche.

"I have no desire to be thought impertinent," continued the showman; "but if it so happened that you would not object to a little confinement—"

"Confinement!" ejaculated Cartouche.

"Yes; that is to say, if you thought confinement would not hurt your health, come with me."

Louis Dominique was of opinion that this was the most gentlemanly agent of police that he had ever met; but, at the same moment, having partially re-clothed himself, he was looking about as to the best means of securing a safe retreat.

"If you would not mind being shut up for a number of hours throughout the day," said the showman, "and up to ten o'clock at night, you might be at full liberty to do as you pleased afterwards."

Cartouche stared.

"But I should bargain to take all the money that might be offered by the people who would come to see you."

Vanity is a predominant frailty of the human heart; it even at this moment assailed Cartouche —a prescribed criminal. "Ah! ah!" he thought, "a vast number of persons would pay to gratify their curiosity to see through the grate of a prison so notorious a man as Louis Dominique Cartouche."

Still he fixed his eyes on the person who addressed him, partially believing that he was a police-officer in disguise.

"You must positively come with me," said the exhibitor, "you are the man I have been in search of for some time; an extraordinary

person, with black hands and face, and a white body."

Cartouche inwardly recoiled, but resuming his accustomed presence of mind, he thought within himself as to the readiest means of getting rid of the police-officer, and escaping; so, being again dressed, he walked towards the edge of the quay, up the steps of which he had ascended after his bath. The showman followed him, intent on engaging such a phenomenon for his exhibition.

When they arrived at the brink, overhanging the river Seine, Cartouche thought he would try a sort of compromise, if the officer would permit him to escape; and if that negociation should not prove successful, he had made up his mind to an alternative of a decided character. So he suddenly said to the showman, "What is your price?"

The exhibitor, with the customary precaution of managers of establishments for the entertainment of the public, was chary in offering too

much at first. The spirit of Cartouche was aroused, he was of too desperate a temperament to brook any delay. "Your reply," said he, eyeing the distance between the pavement of the quay, and the water beneath.

"The largest sum I can possibly agree to—" answered the supposed police-officer.

"You may go to the devil for it," energetically exclaimed Cartouche; and with a bold push he threw the showman off his balance, backwards into the river, and without the slightest emotion with regard to his future fate, off ran Cartouche like a lapwing.

The poor showman floundered about, tried to swim, but was not sufficiently expert; in fact, he swallowed more water than he had ever before attempted to take in his whole life—he went down once, and would most assuredly have been drowned, had it not been that a fine athletic fellow, the owner of a boat, with great kindness of heart, rowed off to rescue him from a watery grave. He reached the showman as

he struggled wildly, and seizing him by the skirt of the coat, fished him out of the Seine.

Of all vices there is no one more common nor more shameful than ingratitude. Seneca has ranked it immediately after robbing, murder, and sacrilege; for a man cannot be reproached for his ingratitude, without being reproached with every other vice.

"Omne dixeris maledictum, cum ingratum dixeris."

Now, the showman, when he found that he was quite safe, having recovered himself, and being of an extremely avaricious nature, began to think how he could possibly avoid giving any gratuity to the boatman who had probably saved his life. So, instead of acknowledging the favour, he assumed a peremptory tone, although soused to the skin, and said, "My friend, I could have got out myself, nor am I in the least thankful to you for giving me that assistance of which I had no need."

"*Par Dieu!* Monsieur," said the boatman, "I thought you were in danger, and sinking fast."

"I deny it," replied the showman, "and I take it to be a considerable officious impertinence in you to act as you have done."

"Oh, aye!—oh!" exclaimed the athletic boatman, "*Sacre! sacre!* If you are so angry at being out of the water, I'll throw you in again, and you shall have all the honour of getting out by yourself."

He then took hold of the exhibitor by his right arm and left leg, and pitched him into the Seine again, where he most certainly would have perished, if it had not been for the efforts of several other boatmen who pushed off to his rescue.

When he was rescued, and seated on dry land, wringing his clothes and hands, a whole host of washerwomen and water-side sojourners assembled round him, when he informed them that he had offered a liberal sum to the man with the black head and white skin to exhibit his extraordinary personal attractions, in addition to the other novelties in his caravan, consisting

of a real deceased mermaid, a kitten with six legs, a miniature coach and four horses in a glass bottle, a live feathered lady, and a juvenile pig, which was advancing in his education in the art of fortune-telling.

Cartouche, in the hope of evading pursuit, rushed over the bridge, nor did he stop running until he was outside Paris.

Invigorated by his swim in the river, he went on at a good pace for three or four hours, when, beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, he knocked with his fist at the door of a solitary cottage, in the hope of obtaining some rest and refreshment. A squalid female child opened the door; he walked in, and seated himself. On looking round, he in a moment observed that it was a poverty-stricken dwelling; three other poor children were sitting listless; alas! they had not the vivacity of youth, and yet they were too young to work. The elder girl seemed to have the charge of the others, and was dividing some slices of beet-root amongst them; "Cold com-

fort for the bowels," thought Louis Dominique; he inquired of the eldest child where their father was? The girl, sobbing, replied that their father had been buried the week before, and their mother was at work in the fields. Cartouche, taking some money from his pocket, asked her if she could procure him some bread and a bottle of wine; the wretched children stared at the coin as if at some rarity. On Louis Dominique repeating his question, the girl, doubtless prompted by her own hunger, imagined that the strange Monsieur might probably give them a slice of bread each, and accordingly undertook to go to a neighbouring village, and bring the required refreshment. After she had departed, Cartouche tried to elicit some answers from the other children, but they were in a wretched state of ignorance and misery. The weather now began to change, the sky became overcast, loud pattering drops fell heavily on the roof, and against the only casement of the hovel; the storm increased, the

thunder roared, and the lightning vividly glanced across the hemisphere.

The poor terrified children began simultaneously to cry. It was altogether a scene of desolation, and its impressions being aided materially by the cravings of an empty stomach, Cartouche naturally became depressed in spirit; his ill-deeds rose in array before him, and he felt with the poet—

> "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for a villain."

After enduring this misery for an hour, the storm somewhat subsided, but, from the frail nature of the roof, the rain had made its way through in all directions, and taken up its present quarters, as a large pool, in the centre of the brick and mud floor.

As the violence of the elements became less fierce, the girl returned with the provisions; she had obtained shelter, and was more fortunate than her poor mother, who being at work

in the field distant from any shed or outbuilding, was drenched to the skin. She now had to return, only to her saturated hut; for the pouring rain had extinguished the embers of what had been intended to represent a fire.

She was not much surprised on beholding Cartouche, whom she naturally supposed had sought refuge from the storm, but she was more than surprised to see the bread and the wine, of which Cartouche, with a smile, invited her and the children to partake. The poor woman gave him a grateful glance, and handing a portion of the loaf to her starved offspring, proceeded to divest herself of her wet habiliments, while the eldest girl made an attempt to blow up the fire. Just as they were all becoming a little more familiar with each other, and the lowering weather had cleared off — footsteps were heard; and Cartouche, peeping through the window, saw a man of a hard-favoured countenance approach the cottage; not being in the least degree prepossessed with his appearance,

Cartouche whispered to the woman that he wished to conceal himself for a short time, for he had good motives for not being seen. His hostess pointed to a door which led into a sleeping-room, to which Louis Dominique retired, and wherein, after the man had entered the cottage, he heard the following dialogue.

"Dear me, Monsieur Gripon, I did not expect to see you to-day, in the rain."

A hoarse disagreeable voice replied, "Have you received the money you told me a friend would send you from Strasburg?"

"No," said the poor woman, in a subdued accent; "and from the delay, I fear that even the letter I forwarded has miscarried, or—"

"Or, that your friend does not think proper to trust you with the sum you require, to pay me for the funeral expenses of your husband!"

Here the woman averted her face, and the tears flowed rapidly over her weather-beaten cheeks.

"You were good enough to furnish a coffin and winding-sheet, and to bury my poor François, on my word that I would pay you. But, God help me! my husband is gone for ever. These hands can and will labour, but the hardest labour from sun-rise to sun-set will barely give bread to those four helpless children."

"You should have reckoned on all this before you made me go to the expense of the burial," said Monsieur Gripon.

"But," sobbed the widow, "all the neighbourhood know you to be a man well off in the world, surely you will afford me a little time, should the money from my cousin not arrive?"

"Your bargain with me," said the avaricious carpenter and undertaker, "was, that you would pay me the week after I put Monsieur François in the ground: the week has elapsed, and I shall insist on the contract being fulfilled."

"Holy Virgin have mercy on me;" exclaimed the poor peasant, in an impassioned tone. "I know not where to look for a *liard!*"

Gripon told her that in all his dealings in life, he was a man of his word; that he had ever paid his way; that if he had made money, he had gained it by hard industry, and he was determined never to lose a farthing. That she must apply to the small farmer who employed her, and beg of him to give her an advance of wages.

"He is too poor himself," said the widow.

The old feudal laws that then existed rendered the condition of the farmers and their servants, much the same in regard to restricted means.

"Then mark me, Madame," vociferated Gripon: "if my money be not instantly paid for the interment of your husband's body, there is no law to prevent me from taking him up again; and rather than be deceived by you, that will I do."

The widow dropped on her knees on the sodden floor, and exclaimed, with the deepest emotion, "Oh! Monsieur Gripon, where is

my wretchedness; look on the children of that father, who—Oh! God of Heaven! help me, help me!"

Hardened villain as Cartouche certainly had become, his indignation was so aroused that it was with some difficulty that he could prevent himself from bursting from his concealment, and kicking Monsieur Gripon from the threshold.

"But," he said to himself, "I will wait my time and opportunity."

"Remember, Madame," grumbled out Gripon, "you and all the neighbours know I AM A MAN OF MY WORD."

With this the hard-hearted fellow quitted the cottage, leaving the poor mother drowned in tears; and the tears of the parent had the effect of causing the four unhappy children to weep; for weeping, as all the world knows, particularly with females, is very catching and popular; indeed, scarcely any one, who may be surrounded by wife, daughters, nieces, cousins, aunts,

mothers, and grandmothers, can have omitted to observe that when a woman is thoroughly thwarted she has no better remedy in the world than "a good cry." It is a most beneficial dispensation of Providence, for a plentiful flood of tears prevents the painful hysterical affections that are produced by the quicker and more sensitive feelings of the softer sex.

Cartouche re-appeared; he asked the poor woman if she could contrive, in any way, a shelter for him for the night; the widow said she would do her best; and Louis Dominique, drawing rather largely on his small finances again encouraged the eldest girl to go to procure some bread, meat—if possible, in so lonely a situation—and a bottle of *eau de vie*. The poor little creature, who had dried the few rags that formed her apparel, again started with an excited feeling (so far as eating went) on her errand.

Oh! such was the poverty of that hovel that it appeared to be a gift from Heaven that the

family by which it was inhabited, were nearly saved from starvation by the casual rencontre with an arrant thief.

When the girl returned, all that she was enabled to procure for monry, were brandy, eggs, bread, and the corpse of a starved fowl. The latter article was soon transferred to the widow's simple cooking apparatus, with some herbs, and an onion or two, from the little back garden; and in an hour and half, forth steamed a savoury meal for all.

Cartouche having made as many potations from the bottle which contained the *eau de vie* as would be quite convenient for his mental reservation, said, "Madame — I don't know your name—send the children to bed."

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"Your children have cried a great deal to-day," remarked Cartouche.

"Monsieur should know that we have been very unhappy."

"I do know it," replied Louis Dominique—"no matter, my good woman, the more your children cry, the less they will—sneeze."

And with this philosophical remark, Cartouche retired to rest.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE SCENE OF MISERY CONTINUED—CARTOUCHE BURIES A CORPSE, AND ROBS AN UNDERTAKER—THE UNDERTAKER TAKEN FOR A DRESSMAKER.

As Cartouche deemed that from several causes—not the least of which was the discovery of the black head and white body, by the most talkative tribe of all loquacious Paris, the washerwomen—the hue and cry would now be raised against him, and the officers of police would be on the scout in every direction, he resolved on remaining concealed in the isolated cottage in which he had taken shelter, for a day or two. The poor widow, whose employment was in the open fields, could have but little opportunity to talk. The children, the eldest girl alone excepted

who went to purchase food, would not leave the hovel; and Louis Dominique thought he discerned sufficient discretion in her to hold her tongue so long as the materials were furnished to fill her stomach, a point of the greatest importance to a growing female.

After the widow had gone off to the fields to perform the labour of a beast of burden, but much invigorated with an unusual but satisfactory breakfast, Cartouche amused himself and the children, by mending an old bucket which had fallen to pieces: and the resumption for a short time of his early trade as a cooper, brought back his juvenile recollections, and the merry, cheerful days in which he continued steady and honest. To be sure, he now and then, by way of additional recreation, indulged his palate with a small taste of brandy.

Presently the disagreeable-looking Gripon was seen at a distance approaching the cottage. Cartouche thought fit to retire to his concealment, warning the children not to say that a

stranger was within the other room. Gripon entered, and inquired for the widow. The girl said that her mother had gone to work. Gripon looked dissatisfied, for he smelt the *eau de vie*, and he muttered, "Ah! if your mother cannot pay her debts, I find she can afford to drink brandy."

The children were silent.

"Where did this bottle come from?" inquired Gripon.

"I fetched it last night from the *cabaret*," replied the girl.

"Humph," growled the avaricious undertaker, "then I know my remedy."

The hard-hearted wretch made his way across the country, where the widow was toiling, hoeing turnips; here he savagely accosted her, and inquired if she had heard from her friend at Strasburg, who was to send her the money to pay for her late husband's funeral.

The poor woman shook her head mournfully.

"Well, then," said Monsieur Gripon, "I have made up my mind how to act; if once I

were to give way I should lose my character in the neighbourhood for determination; I am a man of my word." And he strode away, with a very sinister expression of countenance. The widow gazed after Gripon anxiously, and was standing, reflecting on her hopeless, helpless condition, when the small farmer, by whom she was employed, bawled out to her, "Ho! Geneviève, do not idle your time."

She turned and beheld her master ploughing a patch of stiff loam; and, as his means of draught were quite insufficient for the soil, he ordered poor Geneviève to harness her breast beside the wretched pony that was dragging at the old ill-contrived plough, and to tug away with all her strength.

"God help me!" ejaculated the widow. "Were it not for my poor children, would I were in the same grave with my husband!" and, with a sad heart, she laboured, while she reflected that she should never see him more.

Cartouche, coming from his concealment, re-

commenced his work on his bucket, which he had now refitted and hooped, to the infinite delight of the three staring young ones.

Towards the after part of the day, as it was growing dusk, Louis Dominique grew weary of his confinement to the hovel, and he resolved to venture forth and take a walk, determining not to approach any other human residence; and he rambled in the fresh air for an hour or two. On his return, as he approached the hovel, he saw three persons coming from the door. He was enabled to discern the ungainly figure of Gripon, followed by two workmen, and they took their way down the avenue, the undertaker mingling his discourse with a demoniacal laugh. When they were out of sight and hearing, he ventured to lift the latch of the cottage-door, and on entering he beheld an appalling sight. The four children were screaming with agony, and upright against the wall was placed the coffin containing the dead body of their father, which had been exhumed by the fiend Gripon

and his attendants. And this was the horrible course pursued by "the man of his word!"

Cartouche was a hardened villain, but, villain as he was, this scene softened his heart. The children's moans and tears—the coffin, which had been a week in the earth—the desolation! He looked at THE CROSS on the lid—he shuddered—a cold sickly sensation came over him. He staggered, rather than walked, to the table, and drank some brandy from the bottle.

"A thorough-paced scoundrel am I," thought he, "but I could not have done this act. No; I can rob the rich—perhaps, if it came in my way, the poor; but *this*—no, not for a thousand louis d'ors." And Cartouche began, excitedly, to think about the poor widow, and whether it would be possible, by his own strength, to remove the coffin outside the door into the little back garden before Geneviève came home from her work, and then to prepare her in some way for the dreadful, miserable, disclosure; and he perfectly made up his mind to go hard to work

himself, early in the morning, to dig a grave to re-inter the body of poor François.

While he was in the act of pushing the coffin across the uneven brick floor, in which he found some difficulty, the door opened, and the poor widow returned broken down with her hard field labour.

At first Geneviève was dumb-founded—stupified! but when she came to reflect on the enormity of the malice of Gripon, his revengeful oppression—the unburied state of the once partner of her woes, the father of her children—she fell senseless to the ground; her daughters flocked around her, sobbing, and endeavouring to console her; but she could only gaze vacantly at them, and for a while her intellect was aberrated by the intense suffering she had undergone. Cartouche seized on a moment when a lucid interval returned, and made the widow swallow rather a large dose of brandy. This remedy, so promptly applied, effected his purpose, as it instantly revived the faculties of Geneviève, and

her cheeks were presently flooded with wholesome tears.

Cartouche, albeit reckless, was touched by the scene he had witnessed, and he determined on some effort of manual labour to get rid of the unsightly coffin and its contents. He would have gone at once to the mayor of the *arrondissement*, and argued the illegality of the act of Gripon, but he dared not exhibit himself; so he kindly asked the widow if she would mind if her late husband should be buried in their own little garden. At first, as she was a good Catholic, and the small portion of tuition she had received had only found its way to her intellect through the medium of a priest, she ventured to suggest that she feared, as the ground had not been consecrated, her husband could not escape purgatory. Cartouche endeavoured to console the widow by telling her that the corpse of François had already been interred in a regular cemetery, and had received its due share of unction and holy water, and

that the soul of the deceased departed when the breath was out of his body. "Depend upon it, my good woman, that Monsieur François, your respectable husband is *up stairs*;" and Cartouche pointed his finger to the moon.

After a few subsequent but minor objections, she consented, her mind being made easy on the positive assurance of a thief!

Cartouche then told her that the sooner the purpose was effected the better, and asked the widow for the implements with which she worked in the field. The poor woman innocently inquired whether it would not be requisite to have her spade and mattock sprinkled with consecrated water, or a wafer or two stuck on them. Louis Dominique, who was not more scrupulous about the minor particularities of the church than of fingering the property of others, begged her not to trouble her mind on any such useless points, but find him something wherewith to dig—he was about to say the *grave*, but checking himself—a hole in the garden.

Receiving a shovel, he set to work with ardour, and having been listless for a lengthened time in the *mansarde*, the enterprising *undertaking* of burying some *body* rather excited him; and ruffian as he was, there was yet the feeling of true benevolent human nature in an endeavour to heal the afflictions of the poor, the widowed, and the fatherless. So to work he went, and although it was his first appearance in the character of a grave-digger, he entirely comprehended the length and depth of the part he had to fill, or rather to empty.

The poor widow stood by, alternately weeping and apologising to the stranger for the trouble he was taking, but Cartouche told her he did not, on such an occasion, consider it was *infra dig*. She then begged of him, as it was in the small portion of ground allotted to her as her *potagèrie*, to be so obliging as to scoop out a little lower than the forthcoming potatoes or turnips might be supposed to occupy the soil. Cartouche dug away manfully, and after about

three hours labour he had accomplished his purpose. The poor children gazed at this scene wistfully,; it was an object of interest—of something going on, to which they were unaccustomed; they did not now cry, for *they were not hungry!* Louis Dominique at last, with the assistance of the widow, dragged the coffin to the edge of the hole, and tumbled it in.

"Good luck to you, Monsieur!" said Cartouche.

"May God receive my poor François!" fervently ejaculated the widow, and they both went to work to fill up the grave. When they had trampled in the earth, the woman trimmed three little slips of rose-branches, and planted them over the remains of her husband.

Cartouche persuaded her to re-enter the hovel, and the eldest girl spread the provisions before them: the whole party, the mother excepted, ate heartily, and were comparatively cheerful.

"And now tell me," said Cartouche, "who and what is that scoundrel?"

"His name is Gripon—he is a carpenter by trade, but his heart is as hard as a knot in wood."

"He looks as if he had ground many a louis d'or from weaker vessels," remarked Cartouche.

"Somehow or other," replied the widow, "every poor person in the neighbourhood who have made their little savings, find to their mortification that sooner or later, those savings are in the money-bags of Monsieur Gripon. If he cannot procure the hard-earned accumulations of the peasantry while they are living, he is sure to get a large portion of them after their decease, as he is the only furnisher of funerals in these parts."

"I'll be bound to say that he would grudge the expense of his own," said Cartouche. "Henry the Fourth expressed the benevolent wish that every poor peasant should have a pullet in his pot; I have an equally benevolent wish for your neighbours; I should be delighted to see

that cock-vulture, Gripon, boiling in your copper."

Cartouche's genius could never remain idle; he projected a scheme from his mere love of rapine and mischief. He inquired carelessly of the widow whereabouts Gripon dwelt, borrowed her mattock for an hour or two, and left the house, stating that he would return.

His conduct in this horrid affair had been so kind and considerate that the poor woman and her children looked upon him as a guardian angel.

Louis Dominique departed, and made his way in the direction of Gripon's premises. On his route from Paris, he had observed a very fat landlady sitting at the window of a road-side inn, and his memory furnished him with the name on the sign-board. So he went with great plausibility to Monsieur Gripon, and informed him that he must immediately go to the Horse and Dolphin Hotel, to Madame Pargarox, who had expired in the night, of an apoplectic

attack, and make all possible haste, as, on account of the extreme obesity of the landlady, she was not expected to be in a good condition to go into the earth, if kept too long.

"Madame Pargarox of the Horse and Dolphin!" said Gripon, "Bless my heart and soul, it was but last week I saw her in perfect good health and spirits."

"Pray, sir," urged Cartouche, "mount your horse, and go over to arrange about the funeral."

"I will not delay, my good fellow," replied Gripon; "meanwhile, will you drink a glass of wine?" Cartouche assented, for he wanted to see his way into the house. But he almost repented when he tasted the wine, which was of the true verjuice flavour. His hawk-eye, however, glanced at a strong iron closet in the wall, in which he very naturally guessed that some of the savings of the poor were contained; he then cautiously glanced at the window, and the various fastenings of the room. Thanking Gripon for the portion of acidity with which

he had been favoured, he took his departure, observing that the undertaker locked the room door after him.

After having been carefully shown out, he seized on the opportunity to conceal himself behind an abutment, until he saw Monsieur Gripon lead an aged horse that had once been black, from the stable, and buckle some antiquated housings of faded velvet on him; he then, putting on a huge pair of jack-boots, bestrode his Buchephalus, whose head he guided in the direction of the Horse and Dolphin. Cartouche watched him out of sight, and presently began to reconnoitre the premises.

He found behind the stable a ladder, an article he very much required at the moment, and with his customary boldness, he rested it against the wall, beneath the back window of Monsieur Gripon's private room. He had the mattock under his arm; some dexterous movements with this instrument soon gained him admission at the window, and he

crept in like a cat that is sure of catching a mouse.

He knew he was secure inside, and outside also, if no one had seen him go up; indeed, he was so cautious about this, that, as he ascended the ladder, he appeared like a person who was employed on some repairs to the exterior of the building. But when he found that he was safely landed in the undertaker's chamber, he flew to the iron closet, and, with the touch of a true artist, he broke one spring, twisted another with a point of the mattock, and was so dexterously industrious that he soon had off the iron door, when his eyes were feasted with sundry bags of weighty metal, with which he so *loaded* himself that he began to be afraid that he should *miss fire*, and not *go off*.

As it was, as he descended, he bent the slight ladder resting against the wall, with his weight.

Previous to coming down, he thought proper also to pop under his arm, a black coat and vest that were hanging on a chair.

Cartouche now wishing for another disguise, in which he might venture to re-enter Paris, and join his confederates, had the hardihood to dress himself in the best suit of Monsieur Gripon; he smiled as he viewed his person in a small looking-glass, and winked his eye at himself.

He then tucked Geneviève's mattock up the back of his coat, and taking his stolen treasure with him, gravely walked out of the undertaker's dwelling. He strode over to the solitary hovel, and opening the casement so as not to be seen, he called out that he had brought back the pickaxe. The eldest girl ran to the window, and extending her hand, he dropped several pieces of silver into her palm; and putting the mattock in, he let fall on the floor, a small bag of heavy coin. "*Adieu, mes amis,*" said he, and disappeared.

On his route back to Paris, he took especial care not to appear near the hostel of Madame Pargarox. That worthy landlady—who had

acquired her corpulence from a habit of tasting a portion of everything that was cooked on the premises, no matter what the time of day—had been troubled with some symptoms of indigestion; and at the arrival of Monsieur Gripon, she had transferred her keys to a female servant, newly arrived from a distant part of the country, and had retired to rest in the hope of being relieved from her dyspepsia. She had, in the vanity of her heart, exhibited her wardrobe of gay clothes to her new attendant; and amongst other affairs of the sort, had shown her handmaid a piece of curiously-wrought silk, which she said she intended to have made up into a gown when her friend, Monsieur Philipot, *marchand des modes*, could spare time to call upon her, and superintend the manufacture.

She was now in bed, and had taken a little comfortable warm brandy and water, when Monsieur Gripon came to the Horse and Dolphin. He thus addressed the *fille de chambre:*

"I am come to measure Madame Pargarox." The damsel looked somewhat perplexed, for although French females are not so very particular about bed-rooms as the ladies of some other countries are, she knew that her mistress was extremely ill at ease.

"The fact is, Monsieur," said the maid, "Madame Pargarox is lying on the bed."

"So I should imagine," replied Gripon, "and very quiet, too;" upon this he took out a three-foot rule from his pocket, which he unfolded, and said, "Mademoiselle, time is precious—time is money—show me where she lies."

"Mercy!" thought the *fille de chambre*, "surely the *marchand des modes* is not about to measure my mistress for her silk mantua with that rule—that must be a new fashion. And is Madame Pargarox to be measured with that?" said she, pointing.

"Why, what would you have me measure her with?" answered he, gruffly. "They tell me that if I do not attend her directly, she is not

likely to be pleasant a day, so show me up stairs."

"Certainly Madame Pargarox had been complaining for several weeks," said the *fille de chambre*.

With that the girl tripped lightly up the staircase, and entering the apartment of her mistress, told her that a person she believed to be the *marchand des modes* had arrived to measure her, and was waiting her orders below.

If a Frenchwoman had one foot in the grave, one eye on heaven, and one hand on the holy writ, on being informed that an article of dress was accidentally ready for her inspection, she would turn away her thoughts from both heaven and earth, and rush to the rustling of silks, satins, and laces. So Madame Pargarox, sitting up briskly in bed, said, "Show up Monsieur Philipot, *marchand des modes*, and tell him I am dying to see him."

On the maid delivering this message, or rather the latter part of it, Gripon appeared to be

puzzled, but as there was something about *dying* in it, his heart rejoiced exceedingly.

The *fille de chambre* preceded Gripon ; on opening the door, she thus introduced him— "Monsieur come to measure you, Madame, for your new suit."

Gripon was again astonished.

Madame Pargarox uttered a scream of astonishment, when, instead of her smart popinjay, Monsieur Philipot, she beheld the heavy, beetle-browed Gripon; and his wonder was not less than that of the lady, when he saw her sitting up in bed waiting to be measured.

While this farce was enacting, Cartouche sped his way towards the good city of Paris, arrayed in Monsieur Gripon's holiday suit. He trudged on briskly till somewhat fatigued, he stopped at the door of a small mean-looking inn, which bore the sign of *Le Pistolet ;* entering, he called for a bottle of wine, and the best they could produce as to eatables. While these last were preparing, Cartouche, on glancing round the

chamber, saw, seated in a corner, a rough looking fellow asleep, but though one of his eyes was closed, the other was open and sightless, in fact it resembled a boiled oyster, in the socket. The features were familiar to Cartouche, and they did not remind him of any agreeable association. He was attired in a greasy buff jerkin, had an iron breast-plate under his red vest, a broad flapped hat, and a huge pair of boots made of untanned leather.

Cartouche had a good memory, and he recollected the coarse features of Bras D'Acier, the gipsy fellow who had so alarmed him on the memorable night of his first elopement from Paris, at Reine Moulin. The practised eye of Louis Dominique at once guessed the profession of this sleeping beauty, who was a bully and a thief. *Le Pistolet* had, indeed, the appearance of a house of call for highwaymen. After various snorts and sundry stretchings, Bras D'Acier's orb of vision unclosed, he stared about, and at length fixed the one eye in-

tently on Cartouche. Trust any of the gipsy tribe to recognise a face that he or she has once looked upon. After a preparatory "Ahem," which grated on the ear of Louis Dominique, he growled out, "I think I had once the honour of passing an evening in your company, Monsieur."

"I have some recollection," replied Cartouche, sarcastically, "that we met at Reine Moulin; and a more handsome, exceedingly polite, well-spoken person, I never beheld; you, on that occasion, behaved to me with the most gratifying civility. Your name is Bras d'Acier.

"I am that person."

"Or rather that scoundrel!" said Cartouche, "to whom the only compliment should be a—kick!"

The gaunt bully began to fumble in his girdle for his knife.

"Come, come, none of that nonsense," exclaimed Cartouche, determinedly; and he spoke a few mysterious words in *argot* (flash terms) to him.

The fierce single eye of Bras D'Acier glittered like a burning ember, and he muttered, "Well! well! I own I was harsh, but you were young, and I hate boys; now you are grown to a man, and by the few words you spoke just now in our peculiar tongue, I learn that you are one of us. Birds of a feather should flock together—and honour among thieves—your name?"

"Is placarded over all the walls of Paris," said Louis Dominique, in another moment of vanity; "but no one shall take me alive!"

"The most notorious name in Paris at this moment!" exclaimed Bras D'Acier, rivetting his bachelor eye (be it understood that this simile is used merely because the eye was *single*) on Louis Dominique. "Then, by the gridiron on which Saint Lawrence was broiled, or I am damned else, thou art Cartouche."

Cartouche modestly acknowledged that he had the honour to bear that name; up rose Bras D'Acier, and, approaching him, said, "Pry'thee, allow me the gratification to embrace thee—

thou art a glory to our profession. I am delighted to have met thee—thou art a diamond of the first water.

Louis Domminique *thought of the diamonds;* but making up his mind that by-gones were by-gones, he endeavoured to turn the conversation by inquiring of Bras D'Acier, if he knew what might have become of the pretty dancing gipsy, Rose Coquillarde?

The one eye again stared, and then winked, which for an instant put its owner in total eclipse. "Knowest thou not who Rose Coquillarde is at the present moment?"

"Not I," said Cartouche. "But I remember she was the first of her sex that inspired me with a passion;" he sighed—"she was my first love."

"Many a cursed passion I have seen her in," remarked Bras D'Acier; "but she has now changed her profession, and is one of the greatest favourites in all the provinces."

Bras D'Acier told Cartouche that Rose

Coquillarde having, by her piquant pertness, given great offence to her regal master, Roy Colas, his Majesty sold her to the leader of a strolling troop of comedians, for three crowns and a broken-winded pony; that in this troop Rose had acquired her education; and, being in the possession of good natural abilities, after hard fagging, she had become a first-rate dancer and actress: that, in fact, now, however humble her origin, she was no less than the celebrated Mademoiselle * * *; Bras D'Acier, in the midst of his brandy forgot the name.

Cartouche was indeed surprised at this piece of information, of which he was before ignorant, for the strange events of the last few years of his own life had prevented him from showing his person too liberally in public: as he was well aware that police agents in plain clothes were always planted in the *parterres* of all the theatres.

"But, Monsieur Cartouche," continued Bras D'Acier, "are you aware that I have organised

a band of as pretty fellows as can be met with on a summer's day; some twenty-five, besides the ladies; and if you think fit, the number shall be added to."

Cartouche asked with some curiosity several questions respecting the ladies, "for," said he, "on that point I have had my experience, and I shall for the future be very particular in regard to their characters."

He then, under the influence of the wine, and two or three glasses of brandy, related his adventure with the sham Countess and her aunt.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Bras D'Acier, "Capital, just the admirable style of old Mion de Boule. But alack! the two poor hen devils are cooped up in the Conciergerie, on bread and warm water pottage. They are great *artistes*—great indeed in their way; but affairs will not always prosper, even in the best regulated families, But, Monsieur Cartouche," continued Bras D'Acier, "wilt thou join my troop?"

"On what terms?" inquired Louis Dominique.

"Thou shalt solemnly and faithfully enrol thyself amongst us, under the agreement that if thou shouldst betray us, a dozen and a half of choice knifes shall rip thee up, or the ladies shall decidedly poison thee."

"Is that *all?*" inquired Cartouche, with an air of contempt.

"ALL," replied Argus (deducting ninety-nine eyes).

"Then," said Cartouche, "lead and command your some twenty-five, and the ladies, yourself. I will only consent to become one of your gang on condition of joint command."

"Pooh! Ha! ha! ha! modest indeed," exclaimed Bras D'Acier; "Beware, my lad, how you tamper."

"Nonsense!" returned Cartouche, with a leer of malicious meaning. "Do you imagine that with my talents, education, courage, skill, that I would condescend to come like a sneaking underling into your ranks. Pooh! pish! my edu-

cation alone qualifies me as a leader; I have brains to conceive, and energy to act."

"All that is very well, my fine bold young cock," said the veteran Bras d'Acier, "but I am not to be gammoned with your education; I have got on very well in the world without it, though I can neither read nor write, so I make it a point never to give a receipt for any money, or anything else I take. No, no, no; a young cock like you must not think of crowing over my band of gentlemen pensioners."

"I know your gentlemen pensioners better than you do yourself," said Cartouche: "I know your secrets."

"Mine!"

"Yes, yours, Monsieur Bras D'Acier," and here Cartouche leaned forward, and whispered something into his ear. The bully stared and winced, then turned "a shade paler" (if we may be allowed the expression), and uttered in hurried accents—

"As you please, Monsieur Cartouche, anything you please; depend upon my fidelity."

"You are strangely and suddenly altered in your opinion," remarked Louis Dominique.

"Thou knowest the reason," replied Bras D'Acier, "but come, the evening is waning. We have a few miles to trudge, let us pay our reckoning and be gone. I will introduce thee to thy comrades."

"My troop," said Cartouche.

"Agreed, agreed," grunted Bras D'Acier; and quitting *Le Pistolet*, they took their direction towards the metropolis.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS—THE RESULT—A CONFLAGRATION —MONSIEUR AND MADAME MONTGALLIARD— CARTOUCHE PURSUED—HE TAKES REFUGE IN THE CHAMBER OF A MARRIED LADY.

A remote recess in the *Bois de Boulogne* had been fixed as the place of rendezvous for a select party of first-rate thieves, to which point Cartouche followed Bras D'Acier.

Fifty-eight ruffians were assembled; deputies from the various communities of organised robbers; consisting of fellows who had been deserters from the army, broken-down gamblers, smugglers, and even some young men of good family, who having gone through a wild career of dissipation, had passed their noviciate at St.

Lazare, and had come out worse than they went in.

The meeting on this night was to confirm a plan that had been arranged by Bras D'Acier, and which for boldness of design and relentless cruelty, had not been exceeded since the days of offenders of the most exalted rank—the perpetrators of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

The laws of this truly damnable community, which now held its "chapter," were binding on its members; and the most terrible retribution was to be instantly visited on their infringement. Cartouche was introduced by Bras D'Acier, and initiated a companion, signing a horrible compact with his own blood.

The scheme of Bras D'Acier was no less than to organize a strong party, to set fire to the *Pont au Change* (which has already been described as having been covered with ancient houses), at each end, and, during the terror and confusion that must necessarily be excited, to plunder to the right and left. The goldsmiths

lived in the neighbourhood; and gangs were formed, headed by the most desperate among the freebooters, to break into each individual house.

The proposal for the enterprise was received with savage enthusiasm, and the genius of Bras D'Acier extolled to the skies.

This fearful scene of rapine was to commence at eleven o'clock of the following night. The lawless band separated noiselessly in parties of two and three each, Cartouche accompanying Bras D'Acier through a dark suburb into the inmost recesses of Paris. He then bade him good night, and was rejoiced to find, that, surrounded by so many scamps as he had been in the *Bois de Boulogne*, his treasure (the undertaker's) was secure. He presently bethought him where he should take up his quarters; after some consideration he made his way to the *mansarde*, and toiling up the six staircases, gave the preconcerted signal, and was admitted by Thibault au Dé, who was almost in a state of nudity, and

held a dice-box in his hand; both Thibault au Dé and Inigo were rejoiced to behold Cartouche again, for they had made up their minds that he had been apprehended, and popped into the *cachôt*. The two gentlemen were much excited, a bottle of brandy was on the table, and after Cartouche had taken a bumper, he inquired the motive of Monsieur Thibault au Dé being stripped to the skin? Inigo replied, that during the absence of Cartouche they had lost all the money given to him by the Curé of St. Médard, at a gaming-house, and to amuse themselves and pass the time, they had been having "a little go" by themselves, staking their articles of clothing; and as the dice had gone against Thibault au Dé, Inigo had won his hat, coat, vest, and shirt, and he verily thought that at the next throw he should have won Thibault au Dé's breeches.

"Then it is fortunate that I arrived just in the nick to save his trunks," said Cartouche.

"We have been at it," exclaimed Thibault

au Dé, "ten hours and a half, with varied success; I have stripped Inigo naked four times, though I am rather down in the world at the present moment, and plaguily cold;" Cartouche threw a piece of gold on the table, and said, "With this I purchase the habiliments of Thibault, dress, and redress yourself, my friend, descend yon crazy staircase, and go buy us a good supper and wine, for by my faith I am weary and hungry."

Thibault au Dé had no need to be told twice; he slipped rapidly into his raiment, and descended with celerity, and his own appetite did not permit of much time elapsing ere a plentiful meal was spread on their board; after the enjoyment of which, Cartouche communicated to his confederates the proposed scheme for firing the houses on the bridge the next night.

Inigo pronounced it to be the emanation of a brilliant genius, and had no doubt whatever, that very considerable profits would accrue from the exploit. Both he and Thibault au Dé pro-

mised to be present at the fun *on their own account.*

Cartouche, hearing this, resolved that Monsieur Gripon's cash should remain in his pocket, *on his own account;* otherwise, there is no doubt whatever, that the nice scruples of Louis Dominique, would have induced him to have handed over two-thirds of the booty to Messieurs Thibault au Dé and Inigo. (*?*) He therefore thrust the bags of money into some old stockings, and took his opportunity after his confederates had gone to sleep, overcome with drink, to tie with a piece of cord the stockings containing his stock, on the top of a beam of timber in the *mansarde*, where no one would possibly think of looking.

The following night was eventful in Paris; before eleven o'clock, sixty thieves and incendiaries (including Cartouche, Thibault au Dé, and Inigo) had planted themselves in the various approaches to the *Pont au Change*, well supplied with dark lanterns, matches, picklocks, crowbars, and other professional instruments. Their

savage hearts beat high for plunder. As the ancient clock of Notre Dame chimed the eleventh hour, the marauders took their several appointed posts, and the work of mischief began.

To the surprise and terror of the inhabitants of the old wooden tenements on the bridge, four houses were discovered to be on fire, simultaneously; the alarm was spread, and the bells tolled; women and children, leaping from the beds, screeched: the male owners of houses, in no better plight, in fright knew not what they did. One man, thinking to save his property, threw a looking-glass and two penny loaves out of a four-story window—the glass (a valuable one) was smashed to atoms, and the bread on its arrival on the *pavé* was not worth twopence. One old gentleman, a musical composer, who lodged on the bridge for the benefit of the fresh *airs*, in his excess of alarm, put on a pair of black satin inexpressibles the wrong side before, and could not understand why he could not button the same. The domestic pigeons that

had their nests in the eaves of the old buildings, fluttered around wildly, dashing through the thickening clouds of smoke: but, by instinct, returning to their abode, wherein their unfledged young were nested—they fell suffocated. The confederated ruffians made their entrance into every dwelling—pillage was the order of the night, and under the influence of the widely-prevailing terror, there was but little hindrance. The drums had beat to arms for the aid of the military, but such had been the want of men, created by the rapacious ambition of Louis, that the guard in the capital was insufficient for its perfect preservation; the bodies of police were as yet unapprised, and the brigands had it, as Bras D'Acier foresaw, entirely their own way. Every alternate house was now burning on the bridge, and its next door neighbour was instantly filled by a party of thieves.

They broke into the cellars of the houses occupied by the goldsmiths, near the bridge, and here, after stealing all they could lay their

hands on, drank the wines and brandy to such an excess that many became intoxicated, and perished by suffocation. The greatest consternation was by this time spread over the whole city, for the rumour ran like wildfire that the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had by forced marches made their way to Paris.

There was one house that had been particularly marked for destruction from the first. It was a large antique weather-beaten building, in which existed, rather than *lived*, Nicholas Flamel, the well-know usurer, who has been previously alluded to in our eventful history. It was evident, at a casual glance at the exterior of the house, that the miser occupied but a very small portion of the miserable tenement. The glass had long been broken in all the upper windows, a part of the roof had fallen in, and the portion of it that remained as a covering for a human head, was in so dilapidated a state, that the rain pelted through it, and soaked into the floors; but in this world, they say, there is no

evil without its counteracting remedy, for, after the rain had done its business of saturation, the wind came, and in the most off-hand manner dried it all up again.

But there were secrets contained within the old walls which the uninitiated never could have surmised; there was a vast heterogenous fund of wealth concealed underground, unknown to all, excepting to the shrewd suspicions of the gang, who had undertaken to secure it; and these men, in their insatiable thirst for plunder, hesitated not to turn all the terrors of fire and sword against one of their own fraternity—for old Nicholas Flamel's warehouse was a receptacle for stolen commodities.

On that eventful night, Nicholas was seated in the chill comfortless room, in which the old flock mattress he slept upon was spread on the floor. The usurer was turning over restlessly, by the glimmer of a rushlight, the leaves of a soiled account-book containing the records of his ill-gotten wealth.

For some time he listened with indifference to the shouts and disturbance in the street; there was nothing very uncommon in loud and violent quarrels in the precinct of his dwelling, even at midnight, but at length the cause became distinctly audible. The shrieks, the cries for water to stop the devouring progress of the flames, the raving despair of those whose dwellings had caught fire; the wild and hoarse murmur of horror and alarm that ran through the crowd on beholding the ferocious brigands with swords and burning brands grasped frantically, rushing across the bridge, while their yells on seeing the success of their scheme grew louder and louder. For a moment the heart of the old usurer was paralysed. He glanced furtively at the mattress, then at the window, which was protected by strong iron bars, and finally set about securing still more cautiously the door that opened into the street. Nearer and nearer came the din of voices, the rushing of footsteps, the blows dealt on every side, and the bright

consuming flames. For an instant there was a silent, sullen pause; the thick smoke crept through the crevices, a hissing sound was heard, and the suffocating sensation of heat told Nicholas but too truly, that his dwelling had not escaped the general conflagration. One, two, three heavy blows at the door—the rafters had caught fire, and were fast giving way—some brawlers without were beating away the postern, their next effort would effect their purpose! There stood the old miser, with every limb quivering wlth fear, his glazed eye fixed on the door, grasping with a palsied hand a poniard, with a haft of chased gold, which once, perhaps, had been the stolen property of one of the obtruders. In another moment the door fell in; and, in the midst of the flames that gathered about the opening, seven or eight of the confederated brigands rushed forward, and made good their entrance to the house. The usurer met the first man that advanced with a blow, which, had it not been for the aged and decrepit

arm that aimed it, might have proved the last the robber need ever have received. Infuriated at the resistance, the gang, with Cartouche at their head, rushed in, and Nicholas Flamel, step by step, defended himself to the door of the room in which the entrance to the cellars that contained his wealth was concealed. A furious ruffian gave the old man a deadly gash across the forehead; he staggered backwards faint and exhausted, and fell on the mattress, to which he clung pertinaciously until death. Not a moment was to be lost; the flames flew from rafter to rafter—the atmosphere was suffocating. Bras D'Acier dragged the corpse of Nicholas from the mattress, which being pushed aside by Cartouche, a trap-door beneath it (over which the miser always slept) was rapidly opened, and one by one the robbers descended to load themselves with plunder. Suddenly a crash was heard above, and a blaze of crimson illumined all around. "Up, up, for your lives!" shouted Thibault au Dé, who had remained

without. The thieves needed no second warning, but clambered up the narrow stairs laden with bags of gold, jewels, and many articles of high value. They quickly gained the open air. In another instant the crazy walls and roof fell in, and the body of Nicholas Flamel was buried beneath the ruins with the remainder of his ill-gotten treasure.

The municipal guards now arrived, but it was long before they could act with any effect, as the mob assembled was prodigious, and the old houses were falling in all directions; the river Seine appeared like one sheet of crimson glass broken into by the blazing timbers detached from the buildings on the bridge. Some of the brigands were arrested in the act of plunder, and were hurried off to gaol. The day following, the sun arose upon a dismal sight, bodies maimed were strewed about in all directions—mothers screaming for lost children—children wailing for their dead parents. Desolation grinned horribly around.

The government suffered much inquietude on account of these excesses—the more so, as the leaders of so desperate a measure as firing the *Pont au Change* had not hitherto been pointed out; and although several of the marauders were in custody, the threat of the rack had been unsuccessful in extorting a discovery of the principal offenders.

Extraordinary precautions (now that it was too late) were taken by the heads of the police; the watch was doubled; the alternate periods of guard, both day and night, were well arranged; and further, all vagabonds, and those that had no ostensible avocation, were commanded to leave Paris; dealers in fire-arms were not permitted to sell them, except under severe restrictions; but all these measures were fruitless. Whole brigades of the watch *(le guet)* were attacked nightly, and beaten by the thieves; the immunity of the latter arising, perhaps, as much from *bribery* as from *bravery*.

It is not to be imagined that the French

police—supposed to be ever on the alert, and even at that period considered the most efficient in Europe—could long be kept in ignorance of the real directors of outrages against society upon so large a scale. A Jew named Joseph Lami (who, by the way, had a wife in every city of Europe) was one of the captured incendiaries; he was a thorough-paced villain. He was placed on the terrible rack, having been one of the gang who had initiated Cartouche in the *Bois de Boulogne ;* and, although Louis Dominique was actually the last person who had joined the infamous band, he was the first to be publicly proscribed; the Jew having some latent notion that he might possibly get the reward which he had observed to be posted about Paris for the apprehension of Cartouche. The lieutenant of police now set his ferrets again to work to discover and secure so notorious an offender. Joseph Lami had a summary trial and condemnation. In accordance with the ghostly advice of the monk who officiated as confessor and

chaplain in the prison, the Jew abjured the religion of his forefathers, and took to Christianity, on a promise that his life should be spared. The day after he became a thorough Christian, he was led out to execution, and broken on the wheel. Christian or Jew, it was a fate he richly deserved.

Monsieur Marc Pierce D'Argenson having determined to get possession of the person of this same Louis Dominique Cartouche, the reward for his apprehension was quadrupled; but our accomplished hero seemed to bear a charmed life! The *mansarde* proved an effectual concealment; and he, Inigo, and Thibault au Dé, had been sufficiently expert in their professional accomplishments to carry off a large quantity of plunder.

On one occasion, notice was given that Cartouche was in a house in the *Rue de Seine*, and that it would be easy to entrap him; he certainly had boldly entered a tavern, on a second story, and depended on his consummate skill in disguise. An exempt, archers, and some soldiers of the Gardes du Corps were ordered to the

service to capture the proscribed felon; another two thousand livres were added to the reward, and had a marvellous effect in stimulating the skill and determination of the pursuers. Their plan had been so secretly concerted that Cartouche was the first to perceive his dilemma. He saw, from the window, the party enter the premises. He had been regaling himself in a private room. To descend the staircase would have been to throw himself into the jaws of the hyænas who thirsted for his blood; he, therefore, barricaded the door in the best way he could with portions of the furniture placed round and against it.

But observing the numbers arrayed, he thought of the adage, "the better part of valour is discretion," so he quickly determined to save himself by flight; and as there was not any other reasonable mode of escape, he took to the chimney, up which he clambered with a monkey's activity, and ran along from roof to roof until he had nearly strode over the tops of the houses

of a large architectural quadrangle. His escape was thus made certain for a time, but he was doomed like a house-sparrow to perch behind the chimneys, and on the slates and tiles, yet, unlike the sparrow, he could not at will descend into the streets.

The police force made a strict search in the house, but no further discovery; it is true they found a hat in the street under the window of the room, the door of which had been barricaded. It strongly entered into the minds of the officers of justice, who were men of sound discrimination, that this same Louis Dominique Cartouche was aided and abetted by no less an individual than the devil!

In the caprices, freaks, and follies of fashion, the French, particularly the Parisians, have been ever pre-eminent. The fine lady and gentleman of the day we are endeavouring to describe, were strange and ridiculous beings—supposing them to be a married couple, they rarely met.

Monsieur Montgalliard had a mistress whom

he openly visited, while Madame Montgalliard, his wife, had her own *beaux* daily at her levee; one *petit-maître* or abbé was particularly selected as her *cher ami*. When morals were pure, and religion was honoured, the abbé might be supposed occasionally to recollect the etymology of his name: but at this period, the *gallant* abbe, and even the *waggish* abbé were in great esteem. An abbé in these happy times would not deem it at all inconsistent with his calling, in the presence of visitors, to lace the stays of the lady of the mansion.

The celebrated Dubois, who had been a zealous tutor to the Duke of Orleans (Regent of France, during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth), was an abbé, but a great libertine; in fact, he possessed so many bad qualities, that the Duke, when he got into power, though inclined to serve him, was fearful of following his inclinations, lest he should incur the indignation of the public. The abbé, however, determined to press the Regent to bestow on

him some mark of his favour; the pupil hesitated, but, unable to resist the importunities of a person whom he had long been accustomed to oblige, he at length made him a councillor of state. When the Duke of Orleans informed Dubois of this promotion, which appeared incredible to many persons, he embraced him in an affectionate manner, and said, "*Abbé, a little rectitude, I beseech you!*"

Descending thus, from the fountain-head of abbés, we may guess what sort of beings they were in a still lower grade of society. But we digress.

Madame Montgalliard had a sort of pretty unthinking air and manner, to which the term *naïve* was applied by her admirers: she possessed a considerable genius for knowing everything but that with which it was necessary she should be acquainted. The wits of the age, the great beauties (but always to discover a blemish in them), and the short-lived people of vogue, were always her discourse. Madame Mont-

galliard was fond of cards, and was otherwise extravagant—but it was the pride of Monsieur Montgalliard to pay for all his wife's follies and weaknesses, on the principle that he should have the whole sex on his back, if he dared to pretend to retrench the expenses of a lady so well visited, while, at the same moment, Madame Montgalliard had more respect and affection for *Mignon*, her lap-dog, than she possessed for her husband. She appeared to imagine that she never looked well but when she was talking; and while thus employed, she took the opportunity of exhibiting gratuitously the whole of her front ranks of very white teeth, a perfect assemblage of haricot beans. Her flattering visitors compared them to oriental pearls, thus proving that they, the flatterers, were unlike those least of ceremonious animals, swine, for they did not permit the pearls to be thrown away in vain.

To give a notion of the manners of the day, we will exhibit Madame Montgalliard in her dressing-room, in an elegant *negligée;* her abbé,

her *petit-maître*, her master of the spinet, and her black page, in a turban three times the size of his head, are present at her levee.

A valet in a gaudy livery with his hair in *papillotes*, ventures to enter, and on being asked what he wanted, he bowing says, "Madame, Monsieur Montgalliard desires to know whether you see company to-day?"

"What does the man say?" simpers the lady.

"Madame, it is Monsieur your husband."

"Oh, he may come in."

Here Monsieur Montgalliard enters, and putting himself into the attitude for the commencement of the *Minuet de la Cour*, he bows, and says solemnly, "Your very humble servant, Madame."

"*Bon jour, mon ami*," replies his wife, showing the favourite ivories to the bone of her bone.

"I was going to court this morning," remarked Montgalliard; "and I did myself the honour before I went, to wait on you to receive

your commands, finding that you saw company."

"At any time when you are aware of that fact, pray let me see you, *mon ami*. By the way," continued Madame Montgalliard, with a prettily devised yawn, "Monsieur Montgalliard, how did you sleep last night?"

This question was expressly put in the presence of the visitors, to show that Madame Montgalliard followed the prevailing fashion of the day, that man and wife occupied separate chambers.

Monsieur Montgalliard having in reply informed Madame that his repose was perfectly uninterrupted, continued, "Since you have no further commands, I shall go and pay my respects at court." Then with another studied minuet obeisance, this pattern of husbands retired.

Although there was this seeming *nonchalance* about Monsieur Montgalliard, and he was a mere French husband; yet such was the inconsistency of his nature, that he felt all the secret

jealous pangs of an Italian, for Madame had learned to admire every vanity in the male sex, and contemn every virtue in her own, and he began to suspect that her little innocent freedoms, as she termed them, were carried too far with a learned abbé. Having sufficiently tormented himself with the surmises and suspicions of bribed abigails and valets, Monsieur Montgalliard determined to be separated from his wife.

The lady did not attempt to alter his mind, but very coolly suffered the necessary law proceedings to take their course; and on the day appointed, she went to execute the writings with her advocate and attorney.

Monsieur Montgalliard of course was present.

"Sir," said Madame Montgalliard to her husband, "I know nothing of this business, therefore ask me no questions; these gentlemen are here to state my reasons and receive your answers."

Monsieur Montgalliard having commenced by

setting forth the fancied complaints he had against his wife, among others attributed to her injuries, which the lady thought so insulting to her honour, that becoming at last impatient, she rose from her chair, and interrupted Monsieur Montgalliard with a blow on his left cheek, which considerably disordered his peruke.

The husband, without being at all confused, adjusted his wig, and turning towards his wife's advocate, "Sir," said he, "since it is you who are to receive my answers to this lady, here is the one I have to make her."

Upon which Monsieur Montgalliard gave the advocate such a blow, that he knocked him down, and the conference was broken up.

Oh! the occasional folly of fashion; because a few imbeciles of high rank in Parisian society, had adopted a false and silly system—a vast number of married ladies at this period felt it to be incumbent on them to follow the prevailing mode, and dispense with the ceremony of sleeping with their husbands!

Madame de Beaufremont was young, beautiful, and lived in the best society. Her husband, although her elder by many years, was devotedly attached to her. He could not find it in his heart to refuse any wish or request of hers, however capricious. And even when she told him that it was the existing fashion of the ladies of *ton* of Paris to occupy their beds exclusively, and that Monsieur le Marquis de Beaufremont should confine himself to his own private apartment, the fond husband, though much chagrined at this determination on the part of his wife (his vanity, too, being somewhat hurt), had too much *politesse* and knowledge of the world to permit Madame de Beaufremont to discover how extremely he was piqued and annoyed at this arrangement: on the first fatal night of which his lovely wife fell in with a strange adventure.

Madame de Beaufremont had been at a ball, and returned home rather agreeably fatigued with dancing; and she secretly congratulated herself that she should enjoy a profound rest,

alone. She had dismissed her attendants, and had reclined about an hour, without being able to go to sleep, when she imagined she heard a smothered noise in the chimney, and soon after she perceived a cloud of soot, swallows' nests, and plaster, which rolled down helter-skelter.

She gazed in astonishment, and presently she saw distinctly a man's leg hang down the chimney, as if seeking for a resting spot whereon the foot could be placed; when the foot was steadily fixed another leg descended, which caused all the fire-wood to roll into the room, also the lighted faggots. A man, armed, presently emerged from the chimney-piece. The first thing he did was to take the tongs, and metho dically replace all the lighted embers; he then drew a pistol from his bosom, and turning towards Madame de Beaufremont, said calmly, "Madame, may I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"Sir," replied the Marquise, with a great

effort of courage, "I am Madame de Beaufremont, but as you are a perfect stranger to me—as you have not the appearance of a robber—"

"Do not be too certain in that particular,' said Cartouche.

"Monsieur, I cannot guess why you arrive in my room in the middle of the night."

"You are alone?" inquired Louis Dominique, in one of his most insinuating tones, as he cocked his pistol.

"Quite alone," replied the poor lady, trembling—and, oh! how she repented at the moment that she had been fool enough to give way to a silly freak of fashion, and banish her husband. "Holy Virgin," she exclaimed to herself, "protect me!"

She was perfectly aware that she could scream for asistance, but that dreadful click at the lock of the pistol was a powerful argument in favour of silence and obedience.

There is an old and perfectly just adage—the youthful in the world will not deign to acknow-

ledge the truth of it, but the experienced—they whose heads are partially silvered by the hand of time, they who are matured in thought, in habit (but not from age), in intellect—will vouch for the axiom that

"Everything is for the best."

In the instance of our humble tale, had not poor Monsieur de Beaufremont been ejected on this night from his couch, being a man of high courage, he would have assailed and tried to arrest the intruder, who, in all probability, must, in his own defence, have shot him through the heart.

"Madame," resumed her visitor, "I beg to assure you, I had no intention of coming into your bed-chamber; will you have the goodness to accompany me to the gate of your hotel?" He glanced at the barrel of his pistol against the night-light.

"But, Monsieur—consider—"

"Madame," continued Cartouche, with deter-

mination, "have the goodness to hasten: we will go down together, and *you* must order your porter to open the gate, and let me out; this is matter due to your own character."

"Speak lower, speak lower," said she, "or the Marquis de Beaufremont may overhear you." The poor lady tremblingly got out of bed. "Put on your cloak, Madame," urged Cartouche, "and do not remain in your dressing-gown, it is bitterly cold!"

We are not aware of the *locale*, but if Madame de Beaufremont in her predicament, descended on the south side of the bed, it is but justice and good taste to announce that the eyes of Louis Dominique wandered only to the north, west, and east.

Here Cartouche most gallantly handed Madame de Beaufremont her slippers, and laid hold of the lamp; everything was settled as he dictated. Madame conducted him through many of her own apartments, and down the grand staircase to the vestibule that led to the

porter's lodge. Here, awed by the sight of the pistol, poor Madame de Beaufremont was so overcome that she was obliged to sit down, and tremblingly support herself, as she allowed the terrible person to pass. After bidding the porter to open the gate, at which Cartouche vanished, she heard a knock at the window of the lodge which looked towards the street. "Porter," bawled Louis Dominique, "I AM CARTOUCHE, of whom all Paris is in search—do you hear? And I have this last day and night walked one or two leagues on the roofs of the houses, because I have been pursued by the police spies. Do not suppose that it is an affair of gallantry, or that I am Madame de Beaufremont's lover."

Madame here, considering the extreme state of dirt in which he had discovered the strange interloper, shuddered as she heard this apologetic vindication of her character to her own porter.

"You shall hear from me the day after to-morrow," continued Cartouche.

Madame de Beaufremont returned up stairs, and like a sensible woman, awakened her husband, and begged again to become his sleeping partner. The delighted old Marquis, rejoiced to behold her, maintained, and endeavoured to convince her, that she had been suffering from the effects of a night-mare, and that she had a frightful dream; she made up her mind that night never again to quit the matrimonial couch. Two days afterwards she received a letter of thanks and excuses, perfectly respectful, and very well worded; in a small enclosed paper-box was wrapped in cotton a fine unset diamond, which she exhibited to her husband. The Marquis de Beaufremont shewing it to Monsieur Lempereur, his jeweller, the stone was valued at 6,000 francs, which being sold, the Marquis placed the money for the use of the hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame.

Cartouche prowled with cat's eyes through the streets towards the *Rue des Petits Oiseaux*,

where he hoped to find Inigo and Thibault au Dé in the old *mansarde*. On arriving and mounting the almost interminable staircase, he found the door of his former lodging nailed up. As he was an adept in the art of undoing anything or anybody, the portal was not long closed against him. On gaining admission, he sought the tinder-box, and procured a light. He then set to work diligently to discover any trace or clue by which he might find whither his comrades had retreated. Had they been arrested? The affair of the *Pont au Change* had put the Minister of Police so much on his vigilance, that numbers of innocent persons were taken up on suspicion of being concerned in that act of incendiarism and plunder. Some were thrown into prison; others, who could not give a good account of themselves on the eventful night, were packed off to the armies, severely drilled, and dispatched on the forlorn hopes.

Cartouche bethought himself to see that the money was safe; and he climbed up to the beam

in the roof, where, as he thought correctly, it would remain undiscovered. There it was, quite safe. To be sure, there was something in favour of its profound security : neither Thibault au Dé nor Inigo knew that Cartouche possessed the sum, or had concealed it in the *mansarde*, or doubtless they would have considered it a point of duty to have taken charge of their comrade's property.

Cartouche fastened the door within, and very much fatigued, threw himself on the truckle bed. He now found that he was so hungry that sleep was out of the question ; but food was unattainable until morning, so he lay with his gizzards grumbling and his mouth watering, vowing at the moment that he would have given ten louis d'ors for a basin of warm broth, while his appetite became so excited that he felt assured he could have eaten a cat alive.

" What is the use of all that ill-gotten gold ?" thought he. " Oh ! for a loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, a rope of onions, a roasted

chicken, some *tête de veau au naturel*—curse it all—a bullock's liver, some tripe, or a dozen omelettes—oh !"

At last he dropped off, from sheer fatigue, to a short sleep, and then he dreamed of an immense variety of all the delicacies of the season, which he was gormandising to perfection. Alas! the fleas of the old flock mattress of the *mansarde* were enjoying themselves on the carcase of the dreaming *gourmand.*

Early in the morning—in fact, before the shops were opened, and for which Cartouche most ardently longed—he sought the *fabrique* of a dealer in cosmetics, where he purchased a powerful solution for cleansing the skin. He then entered the warehouse of a vendor of clothing, where he bought a complete and handsome suit—hat, sword, stockings. With these, bread, wine, and meat, he scuttled back to the *mansarde*, where, having first satisfied the inordinate scruples of his stomach, he applied the cosmetic to his face, hands, and neck with such

diligence, that he appeared a renovated man. He then attired himself in his new habiliments, and ventured forth with a feeling of confidence, engendered by his habitual hardihood. Indeed, he had so completely altered his personal appearance, that he defied any scrutinising police eye.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CARTOUCHE GOES INTO THE COUNTRY, AND MEETS HIS FIRST LOVE—CARTOUCHE TRAVELS LIKE A GENTLEMAN, AND IS STOPPED BY A HIGHWAYMAN—THE HIGHWAYMAN PROVES TO BE A HIGHLANDER, AND FIRST COUSIN TO A RENOWNED NAME—CARTOUCHE RETURNS TO PARIS.

CARTOUCHE being now in the possession of a considerable sum of money, and good clothes, thought it advisable for his health to take a provincial trip. However pleasant may be the associations connected with the scenes visited in our youth, we yet at a later period feel that they possess an indefinable attraction. Nor was the depraved heart of Louis Dominique proof against emotions of this kind. He desired to see Rouen once more; to sit on Mount St. Catherine, and recall the time when he strolled

a starving beggar about the quays, until pitied and rescued by his excellent uncle, that uncle to whom he had behaved with such base ingratitude. He the more willingly repaired thither, and thence to Havre de Grace, as the commercial bustle of the latter town was both well calculated to screen him, and to offer him the means of transport to the opposite coast, should his departure be necessary for his safety. As in former instances, his daring impudence, and imperturbability enabled him to tread where others would not have ventured to intrude, and thus it was he held suspicion at bay. With money anything can be effected, and he had, of course, omitted no necessary precaution in the way of passport or disguise.

With an unaccustomed tranquillity of mind, Cartouche traversed the interesting and picturesque city of Rouen; the old houses of the ancient streets afford groups and detached parts that artists have ever delighted to delineate. He inspected the superb cathedral with its high

vaulted arches, fretted roof and painted windows. After dining to his heart's content, he visited the theatre, where, after laughing heartily at Molière's comedy, the *Précieuses Ridicules*, he witnessed the performance of a rustic ballet, in which a lovely girl sustained the principal character, with a spirit and cleverness that astonished and charmed him; he thought he had some imperfect recollection of the features of the *danseuse*, but when the animated creature performed a *pas*, accompanying herself with a tambourine, he felt assured that he recognised the pretty gipsy, Rose Coquillarde, who had behaved so kindly to him some years back at Reine Moulin, when he first became a wanderer. With the exception that she was something less slight, she was very little changed in appearance, and her charms were heightened by a most elegant and picturesque costume. Her archness and vivacity added to her beauty; Cartouche could not draw his eyes away from her. In fact, Signora Zingara—for that was the name by

which the fascinating girl was known in the theatre—appeared to be the favourite of the audience, and almost the entire support, as far as attraction went, of the playhouse of Rouen.

At that period, they who had paid the highest price of admission had access behind the scenes on the stage; and Cartouche determined to discover whether he was right in his conjecture.

On approaching Signora Zingara he addressed her, and paid some general compliments on her unrivalled grace. At length, when no one was within earshot, he said, in a low voice, "My pretty Rose, do you not remember a foolish youth who, some few years ago, supped with you in the presence of royalty."

La Zingara gazed at him, and the crimson mantled in her cheeks, while her dark eyes flashed fire.

"*Sotto voce*," she exclaimed, "I remember well." She sighed deeply: "I was happier then than I am now."

"How?" said Cartouche, "can you deem

yourself unhappy, with the plaudits you receive, with the talents you possess, with youth and beauty? you unhappy!"

"Here we may be overheard," replied the Signora, "you are not quite a stranger to me, although it must be confessed we met under very extraordinary circumstances; if ever I wanted a friend, Heaven knows it is at this moment."

Cartouche begged of her to tell him where he could meet her in private on the morrow, and if he could render a service, she should not require it in vain.

"At nine in the morning I will be under the avenue of lofty elms, a short distance down the Paris road: you offer kindness to me which may turn out of eventful importance." Here she glanced gratefully at Cartouche; and a peculiar and sprightly piece of music being played by the band, she bounded on the stage with the agility of a fawn, and continued her performance.

"Well," thought Cartouche, as he walked to his lodging, "I was born for strange adventures, who could have imagined that I should ever have met Rose Coquillarde again, the female that first set my heart beating; and handsomer than ever!"

When Louis Dominique went to sleep, he, after devouring a substantial supper, which he lubricated with a sufficient quantity of wine, dreamt uneasily of taper fingers, dark lanterns, raven locks, crowbars, arched brows, prison doors, neat ancles, iron gyves, beautiful neck, halters and hanging tresses, voluptuous attitudes, swinging in the air, small waists, and great gains. He awoke, therefore, not very much refreshed; and at the appointed hour repaired to the spot, where he already found Rose Coquillarde in a mantilla awaiting his arrival. Cartouche greeted her warmly: Rose then talked of the interval which had elapsed since they had first met: she declared that she had tried her utmost at Reine Moulin to pre-

vent his being robbed, but that the old hag had been too cunning for her. She stated that she was the soul of the company in which she was engaged, but she was heartily tired of an occupation in which she was ill-paid, and harshly treated.

"And are you not your own mistress?" inquired Cartouche.

"Alas! no! I am an abject, bonded, slave; sold under legal compact—hired to a speculating manager, for a term of years, which I am toiling through, and am anxiously waiting to pass over."

"Rose," said Cartouche, lifting up his hat, and replacing it on his head with a knowing cock of the beaver, "I have plenty of money; will you accompany me to Paris?"

"I see you do not know me," replied Rose Coquillarde. "It is true I have been mixed up with some of the worst specimens of human nature; with those who laugh at the very name of *virtue*, but, thank Heaven, they have not con-

verted me. Were it otherwise, I will candidly own to you, that my heart is engaged to a young *lieutenant de vaisseau*, for whom I am endeavouring to put by a little sum, to enable us to marry in the spring, when I shall be free."

Cartouche was somewhat disappointed when he heard of this young lieutenant, and a rapid thought crossed his mind; that, as the war was still raging, a cannon-ball might fortunately take the naval hero's head off—but, instantly recovering from his confusion, he said—

"Now, tell me, pretty Rose, in what way can I serve you?"

"In a matter on which my future happiness depends."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I was born a gipsy. There is a law in our tribe which gives a power to others of almost life and death."

"I thought," said Cartouche, "that gipsies were not exceedingly particular in respect to laws?"

"If they defy the laws of mankind in general, they rigidly respect and obey their own code," replied Rose. "But hear me. At one period, instigated by Roy Colas, and being assured by the women, that I should need a protector, I was persuaded to receive the addresses of Bras D'Acier, to whom I presented, as is customary among us, a *gage*, consisting of an attested promise, a ring, and a piece of money inclosed in a locket. Unless I recover these—and, merciful powers! I have heard what a blood-stained villain he has since become—the wretch may kidnap me, and will have power to inflict a summary punishment. Should you by any accident meet this Bras D'Acier, will you endeavour to obtain these pledges from him, or I shall be, for ever, at the mercy of a monster."

Cartouche told Rose Coquillarde that he had lately seen the redoubtable Bras; should be likely to meet him again; and begged of her to make herself easy, for he vowed that the locket and document in question should be restored to her.

The beautiful Rose kissed Cartouche on the forehead, which he returned by a hearty salute on each of her cheeks; he then accompanied her to within a short distance of Rouen, when she quitted him.

Cartouche respected the candour of the pretty gipsy, and did not attempt to see her again, but on the day he quitted Rouen, he enclosed to her a small parcel, which contained a wreath for the head, composed of emeralds; certainly a costly gift, but it came into the possession of Cartouche, as part of his share of the plunder of Nicholas Flamel's treasures.

He now, taking a carriage and post-horses, designed to travel to Amiens, and on to Calais: the money and other valuables in his possession were locked in a strong box inside the chaise. At an inn at Montrieul, he was cautioned that many robberies had of late been committed; and by a solitary thief, who was supposed to be an Englishman, but who had conducted all his exploits with great boldness and address. Car-

touche returned his best thanks to his host; but when he heard that it was a solitary professor, he felt within himself that two can play at the same game, and the information did not occasion the slightest annoyance to him: it was supposed to be an Englishman. Pooh! the Parisian papers during the long war had held out such encomiums on the glory and invincibility of Frenchmen, that Cartouche was convinced that any day, he could successfully encounter half a dozen Britons.

About nine in the evening, as the hired carriage traversed the dull road between Boulogne and Calais (and perhaps there is not to be found in any civilised country so uninteresting a tract), Monsieur Louis Dominique Cartouche fell into a sound slumber, from which he suddenly awoke, from some cause not at present understood. A horseman, mounted on a strong-limbed steed, had galloped up to the chaise, and having ordered the postillion to stop, on pain of his brains being blown out of his floured

hair—cap and hat, the intruder opened the door.

From habit, Cartouche might be said even in sleep to be on the alert, and he was already coolly prepared for encounter.

The horseman very politely stated in tolerable French, which was strongly tinged with the accent of a more northern clime, that he was a poor gentleman, who had been ruined by adverse circumstances; and as he was a man of few words, there remained to him only the carbine he then held (of course for the closer inspection of the purchaser) with the muzzle within an inch of the stomach of Louis Dominique, which he begged the traveller to buy of him!

Cartouche understood the reasoning of this foreign gentleman perfectly, and replied in a very polite manner, that he was not in want of arms: that few persons possessed more weapons than himself, or used them with greater frequency: "but," said he,

"*Mon ami*, I know the custom of the road as well as any man breathing; here is my purse, not badly filled, which may be useful to you, until you find a buyer for your blunderbuss. I confess that I have not the honour to be a gentleman born, nevertheless, CARTOUCHE shall never be vanquished in generosity on the highway."

The name of Cartouche acted like an electric spark on the horseman, who instantly replaced the purse into the hand from whence it was received. "Respected Sir—Monsieur, I mean; I am well acquainted with your superiority; although I am a foreigner, permit me to acknowledge the presence of a man of genius; I have been sufficiently long in your country and profession, to know your rank as an *artiste*. I have achieved a little glory in a northern quarter of Great Britain, but by St. Andrew, I made a cold climate too hot to hold me. Will you just permit me to become your friend? so far from taking your gold, mine is at your service."

"*C'est un bon deffardeur*,"* thought Cartouche, "I rather like his tone and manner. I say, hold! Monsieur, where do you sup to-night?"

"We shall be too late to get over the drawbridge of Calais gate," replied the stranger; "but I am acquainted with a snug house without the town, where we may get a pullet, aud some oysters, and a flask of good wine."

"Trot your horse forward, and order the best," said Cartouche, gaily, "foregad, you shall be my guest to-night."

The driver stopped at a door at a road-side inn, the exterior of which did not denote the height of respectability; in fact, it seemed the exact sort of dwelling on which might be inscribed, "House of Call for Smugglers." Being seated in a private room, with a crackling wood fire on which some peat was burning, and a bottle of Vin de Beaune before them, the stranger said, "The scent of that turf,

* *Deffardeur*—argot—'Thief.'

reminds me of my own native land, which I have not seen for many a year."

"Are you then an exile?" inquired Cartouche.

"I am a Macgregor," replied the other; "and the Macgregors have been proscribed for hundreds of years, in their own country; I am first cousin to a well-known and brave chieftain in Scotland, who bears the name of Rob Roy; and who, I am sorry to find is now in trouble: the smugglers sometimes bring me over an English newspaper, and I see by an advertisement, there is a reward offered for the apprehension of Rob Roy."

"Aye, aye," said Cartouche, "what has he done?"

"You must know," continued Macgregor, "that his grace the Duke of Montrose, had assisted my cousin with loans of money, to aid him in his business as a cattle dealer; well, that species of commerce is extremely liable to sudden fluctuations, and Rob, it appears, became insolvent, and absconded."

"Not empty handed, I hope," said Cartouche.

"No—the advertisement states, that Rob Roy had in his possession, sums to the amount of a thousand pounds, obtained from several noblemen and gentlemen, under pretence of buying cows for them in the Highlands.

"My cousin has a name in his own land, though I will not take npon me to say that he is yet so great an adept as yourself." Macgregor uttered this with the air of a man who is paying a studied and profound compliment; and Louis Dominique was rather surprised to find that his new acquaintance knew of all his most notorious exploits, although he had never heard even of the other's name. The Scotchman stated that he had spies in Paris who gave him pre-intimation as to the rich and noble who were crossing from one country to the other; and although Cartouche had imagined himself a good general, he saw that in comparison with the North Briton, he was but an inferior diplomatist.

The worthy pair supped with great satisfaction together, Macgregor treating Cartouche with marked deference, and Cartouche treating Macgregor with supper and drink. It was not difficult to solve which was the least expensive.

At length Cartouche inquired of the cousin of Rob Roy, what had induced him to leave his home. Macgregor being wound up by the aid of wine and brandy to a story-telling pitch, began as follows :—

"A Highlander is nothing, Monsieur, if he cannot trace back his family or clan to remote antiquity. The sept of Macgregor claimed a descent from Gregorius, a son of Alpin, King of Scots, who flourished about anno domini, 787."

"Come, come," said Louis Dominique, "if you really can go as far back as that period, you ought to be perfectly satisfied."

"I did not state that I was dissatisfied with my ancient descent," replied Macgregor; "there may be older, but there are no better families in Scotland than ours."

"Then how is it that you were banished?" asked Cartouche.

"I'faith it's a long story, but you shall have the heads of it. You must know, that the Macgregors occupied at one period extensive possessions in Perthshire and Argyleshire; well, the Earls of Argyle contrived to obtain from the crown, charters to get the lands in their hands; and, having the legal power, they commenced the work of extirpation upon their less civilised neighbours."

"Ah! the old story," said Cartouche; "there is an ancient saw, that one half the world do not know how the other half live. It seems to be a sort of principle of nature, that there is a pure and simple necessity which devotes the half of all that breathes to the appetite of the other half."

"Exactly so," replied Macgregor; "and our sept were iniquitously driven from our lands; but we fought and battled away until 1563, when Queen Mary, of blessed memory, decided

in Privy Council, that the tribe of the Macgregors were to be cut off root and branch."

"Then your clan had been kicking up the same sort of row for upwards of seven centuries!" remarked Cartouche.

"Exactly so," said Macgregor.

"Well, I have always understood that the Scotch are a persevering and industrious people."

"No nation in the world more so, Monsieur Cartouche, and so the Macgregors amply proved; for in 1603, by another act of the Privy Council, so pertinacious had been our clan in the endeavour to retain our rights, the name of Macgregor was expressly abolished, pain of death being denounced against all those who should call themselves by the names of their fathers! In 1604, Macgregor of Glenstrae delivered himself up to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he should be sent out of the country; and most assuredly he was, for they took him to Edinburgh, where he was tried and found guilty, and led from the bar to the gallows. But there

was much respect paid to him, as, for distinction's sake, he was suspended six feet higher than several other gentlemen who were executed with him."

"Aye," said Cartouche, I have heard that your nation are scrupulous in ceremoniousness!"

"Exactly so, Monsieur, but the brandy is just out."

"I'll warrant me, there is plenty in the house," replied Louis Dominique; "but you have not related the occasion of your own immediate exile?"

"Exactly so; you must know that I was imbued with the spirit that had excited our clan from 787 to 1706, and I disliked being interfered with, in my own private notions of right and wrong: so I took up the old cause, and by indefatigable exertion, zeal, and ability, I gathered together about five and thirty of the sept, to serve our own purposes."

"I understand you," remarked Cartouche.

"We resolved upon proceeding upon the fine principles which had been established from the earliest ages, of existing and holding our ancient territory by the *coir à glaive*, or right of the strongest, so we determined to levy black mail; and we entered into a formal agreement with a number of Perthshire farmers, to recover the cattle stolen from them in consideration of five per cent. per annum on the rent of the farm. It must be acknowledged that our clan was divided into two parties—one half was always stealing horses, cows, and sheep, while the other half was employed to recover them, and kick away the dogs; occasionally, a fat cow or a wether was never to be found, but that was very easily explained, as the Macgregors were noted for possessing very excellent appetites."

"So I perceive," said Cartouche, slily glancing at the empty dishes.

"This black-mail levying, did not bring our brave and hardy fellows sufficient to keep life and soul together, so I just reflected how I

could strike a blow that would produce a sum of money at once to carry on the war.

"Our clan had a bitter enemy in Colquhoun, a kinsman of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who subsequently commanded a force against us. So, laying my plans, I determined to be revenged on Colin Colquhoun for the injuries he had inflicted on the poor but brave Macgregors. Colquhoun had an only son, a lad of about eight years of age, of whom both father and mother were doatingly fond. I summoned my people on a fixed day, and we thus proceeded. A portion of our party went and set fire to a large girnel or granary belonging to the Duke of Montrose: this was done to draw away the attention of all Colquhoun's retainers at his house. It had the desired effect, for nearly the whole of the inhabitants of the place were attracted by the conflagration. But, with numbers, and the good willing hearts of the cottagers, the fire which caused the alarm was speedily extinguished. In the interim, I went

up to Colquhoun house, accompanied by two followers, Oig and Duncan Ciar Mohr, and we penetrated the premises until I found the boy in the library with his tutor. Gagging and binding the dominie to the leg of a heavy table, we mounted our horses, with young Colquhoun before me on the saddle; and we stopped not until we arrived at the fastnesses of the Macgregors, from whence, a letter was dispatched to Colin Colquhoun, intimating that the beloved boy was in the safe custody of bitter and hereditary foes: and would not be delivered up, unless ransomed by an appointed day, and then one thousand pounds sterling must be paid before the child would be restored to its parents —and if this sum was not forthcoming, they would never more see the heir of Colquhoun.

"I have no doubt but the parents were excessively agonised at my determination, but I resolved to persist in it. The circumstances of the abduction created a great excitement, and folks declared that the community had never

been so outraged since the Macgregors had seized all the boats on Loch Lomond."

"It was not a bad specimen of kidnapping," said Cartouche. "But how did you establish a communication with the family?"

"Oh! Duncan Ciar Mohr, who had as bold a heart as ever beat in the bosom of a Macgregor, undertook to negotiate the affair; and he made an appointment to meet any envoy from the Colquhouns that they would choose. 'Stay,' cried I, 'you may not get the father to part with his money easily, but you must just touch the mother's feelings, and we shall be all safe; so, we'll send Mrs. Colquhoun a lock of her son's hair.' Upon which Duncan took his skene, or knife, from his garter; and, St. Andrew defend us, the poor boy began to scream, thoroughly crediting that his throat was to be cut; and we had to hold him, while Ciar Mohr sliced off a hand-full of his bonny bright locks. The child was very intelligent, and was not long in discovering the difference between having his

hair and his weazen cut, so he became comparatively tranquil and appeased.

"A *gillie* (a boy) was sent off to the house of Colin Colquhoun with a written message to the purport that a Macgregor would meet a Colquhoun, to settle the preliminaries about the payment of the ransom, and the safe return of the young prisoner. And a formal answer was returned, that a Colquhoun should meet a Macgregor at Balquhidder to arrange this important affair.

"Duncan Ciar Mohr started; it was originally proposed that he should go perfectly unattended on his mission; but I chose to give orders that a dozen stout Macgregors should follow him at a little distance, well armed. I confess I did not abide by the stipulation, but you cannot be too cautious. Well, a Colquhoun was to arrive at Balquhidder—but little did I suspect the Colquhoun they would send; it was Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who had been lately appointed high in command under General Car-

penter (the English commander), and Sir Humphrey being fully empowered to hunt up the Macgregors, and do as he pleased with them, seized on Duncan Ciar Mohr. A party of the British force was in ambush, and with them Mrs. Colquhoun, who could not be prevailed on to be absent in the search for her lost child.

"Sir Humphrey, after examining Duncan Ciar Mohr, and receiving no satisfactory answers, ordered a halter to be prepared, and the envoy to be hanged to the nearest tree; his arms were tied behind him; and, in despair for his life, he begged one of the soldiers to put his hand into the pouch he wore in front of his kilt, and carry the contents to Mrs. Colquhoun. This proved to be the golden-hued locks which had been shorn from the head of young Colquhoun. 'Tell the lady,' said Duncan, 'that her boy is safe and alive, but that if I go not back, they will kill him.'

"On the well known hair being produced, the good mother fell on her knees and kissed it,

bedewing it with her tears: she then besought Sir Humphrey to set the Macgregor at liberty. Sir Humphrey promising to exert his utmost to recover the boy, prevailed on her to retire; and when she had gone to the rear of the troops, he took such measures as extorted from Duncan Ciar Mohr a confession of the knowledge of the place where the boy was secreted. He then solemnly promised, on condition that his life should be spared, that he would use all the means in his power to rescue the child alive. He was aware that if the party of Macgregors got a notion of what had happened, that they would instantly retreat rapidly, and then there would not be a chance of saving the boy. Sir Humphrey swore on St. Andrew's cross that if anything fatal happened to the heir of Colquhoun, that Duncan should swing.

"Necessity is the mother of invention; and Duncan, false to his clansmen, and in fear of his neck, advised that the lady should tie up some stones in her handkerchief, in the form of

a bag, remount her horse, and followed by two attendants only, should ride on, and pass the thicket wherein the twelve Macgregors were posted, thereby easily making them believe that she was going on to Balquhidder with the ransom of her son. The bait took with the wild Highlanders, and after permitting her to pass, they returned by a rapid and circuitous route to the place where I had the boy in custody. My scouts being thus thoroughly deceived, the troops of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun got on by a forced march, and got near our encampment without discovery. My Macgregors rushed in, and told me that the lady herself was approaching with the thousand pounds: and soon, indeed, I discovered her with a heavy bag of money in her hand, which every now and then she was compelled to rest on the pommel of her side-saddle, so I just ordered the boy out of his place of confinement, and gave him some oat-cake, and a sip of whiskey to inspirit him up a bit, and Heaven knows he had

need of it, and I felt as sure of the thousand pounds as if it had been in my pocket. But there is no calculating on human events. Just as I handed Mrs. Colquhoun from her horse, just as the mother and son had rushed with the strongest marks of affectionate anxiety into each other's embrace, some strangers appeared.

"'Mrs. Colquhoun,' said I, 'I have not hurt your bonny boy, and I now claim the stipulated ransom, which I perceive you have been prudent enough to bring in that bag—'

"'Certainly, Mr. Macgregor,' replied the lady, 'but, first, my dear child must be allowed to walk away;'—to this I consented; and the boy, by his mother's commands, took to his heels in the direction of the strangers.

"'And now, Madam,' said I, politely, 'will you be good enough to favour me with the contents of yon bag?'

"Upon which, to my inconceivable surprise, Mrs. Colquhoun swung the kerchief round, which I supposed to contain the coin—and

banged all the pebbles against my head. Before I, or my followers had time to recover our surprise, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun and a strong body of troops suddenly rushed in upon us. A severe conflict ensued—the Macgregors that made a stand, fell to a man. I, seeing that the case was hopeless, and that I had fallen into an unlucky snare, effected my escape at a back door, and crossed the highlands; but hearing that a large reward was set on my head, I contrived to reach a point, where it was probable I should meet with a smuggling vessel, and which I was lucky enough to find was about to sail the same night. The 'Free-Trading Maggie,' soon set me safely on shore, here in France, at Dieppe.

"My finances soon falling to decay, I was induced, Monsieur Cartouche, to embrace the profession in which you have gained such deserved fame, and now wishing you good night, I again drink health and prosperity to you (not

forgetting 'long life'), and I hope I shall have the honour to meet you again."

Here the Macgregor retired to his accustomed place of roost, wherever it might have been, and Cartouche went fatigued to bed.

Early in the morning he started for his darling metropolis.

On the return of Cartouche to Paris, he found that he had been in great request with the scouts of the police, and the government had been by no means inattentive in procuring the apprehension of his accomplices. Many were taken, and brought almost immediately to trial, so that with the desperadoes generally, it became urgent to make use of new artifices in order to avoid detection. The robe of the priest became with them a common resource, and was of great service in admitting them to the various *cafés*, and even into private houses. This enabled them to acquire many secrets of importance, and in some measure

to counteract the schemes of the police, as well as to make fresh levies in the way of theft, burglary, or swindling.

The position of Cartouche was one of extreme peril. He at first determined to call a council of the chiefs of the association, and canvass the means of lessening or obviating the risk of capture: but this required great caution, for any appearance of flinching or cowardice on his part, would be contagious among his followers and comrades.

Among his personal friends in the gang, beyond Thibault au Dé, Inigo, and Bavarde de Tromperie, were the following worthies —Dumesnil, Ferrand, Arale Charrette, and Etienne. These gentlemen had all their little agreeable peculiarities, some of which, in proper place, we may be enabled for the benefit of our readers to record.

Cartouche became hourly and hourly more ambitious. He determined to be at the fountain-head of all bold and evil deeds in Paris.

> " O dire ambition ! what infernal power
> Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
> To stalk the earth with thy destructive train—
> Murder and lust ! to waste domestic peace,
> And every heartfelt joy."

" Now," communed Cartouche within himself, " since I have been introduced among so large a community of united thieves, I must either retire altogether, or strike a blow that will gratify my ambition, by placing me at the head of the fraternity. I cannot condescend to act as second to any successful rascal. The conduct of affairs must be placed at my disposal, or I will retire, buy an estate, marry, get a family about me, grow fat, be buried decently, and go to heaven."

But of what was this grand *coup* to consist ? —a something that should startle all Paris, that should strike astonishment into all the thieves and rogues of the kingdom. The fertile imagination of Cartouche instantly suggested a feat, which, if he could possibly accomplish it, would immortalise his name.

The Minister of Police, as we have already stated, had offered a considerable pecuniary reward to any person who should have the courage and good fortune to apprehend Louis Dominique Cartouche. Our hero had noticed in a newspaper the arrival of Count Horn in Paris a day or two previous, so he procured a card, and wrote upon it in legible characters the name of "Count Horn." He then, being very well dressed, selected the best looking *fiacre* he could find in the streets, and ordered the coachman to drive to the hotel of Monsieur Marc Pierce D'Argenson, lieutenant-general of the Parisian police. Here, however incredible it may appear, Cartouche had the unparalleled audacity to send up the card of Count Horn to the minister, soliciting a strictly private audience. After waiting a short time in a lower ante-room, he was summoned into the cabinet of Monsieur D'Argenson, in passing the door of which, and following the officer who introduced him, he cast a vigilant eye on the key of the door of the cabinet.

Monsieur D'Argenson was seated, with his table covered with secret correspondence, and the daily reports and details from the prefects of the various *arrondissements*.

"Your business, Monsieur?" said the Minister.

Cartouche commenced with some general conversation, and a few well-turned compliments on the great activity and vigilance of Monsieur D'Argenson.

"Pray confine yourself to the business."

Cartouche stated that he had information of no ordinary character to communicate, and that the utmost privacy was essential. He then hastily stepped to the door, which he suddenly locked, unperceived, and slipped the key into his pocket. Drawing from his bosom a costly sheath, in which was a Portuguese knife, as sharp as a razor, he said—

"What do you think of this weapon?"

Monsieur D'Argenson stared.

"You will find it formidable," continued Cartouche. "It is thoroughly poisoned on the

blade. Understand me, Monsieur D'Argenson, you must sign me this passport with your own hand. Nay, do not attempt to raise an alarm, or this dagger will make its way to your heart. Be prudent—sign the passport, there."

The Minister was taken by surprise, and much more puzzled than if he had been confronted with an infuriated madman.

"No delay," said Cartouche, in a cool determined tone.

Monsieur D'Argenson lost his presence of mind, and signed the passport.

Cartouche now pointed to the printed copy of the bill that announced the reward for his apprehension, and flourishing his weapon, exclaimed—

"I come to claim this money," and he pointed to a bag of gold that stood on the *escritoir*, "I AM LOUIS DOMINIQUE CARTOUCHE!"

Hereupon he seized the bag and passport. He seriously cautioned the Minister, as to his instant death, if he dared to give the alarm;

and Monsieur D'Argenson, struck with his singular and desperate situation, became paralysed. When Cartouche coolly left the cabinet, the lock of which he turned, and carried off the key, he descended the stairs quietly, and on arriving at the lower ante-chamber, he absolutely had the impudence gravely to assert to the officer in waiting, that "his excellency, the Minister, desired that he might not be disturbed for a quarter of an hour!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CARTOUCHE JOURNEYS TO FLANDERS—VOLUNTEERS INTO THE FRENCH ARMY—ENCOUNTERS A WET BLANKET—THE TROOPS ON SKAITS—A THAW—CARTOUCHE IS MADE PRISONER, AND DRAWS TWO PRIZES IN THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

THE *Grand Monarque*, finding that his kingdom was in a most calamitous state, and also beginning to discover that he was neither immortal nor quite so young a man as he once had been (having turned seventy), thought proper to think of supplicating for peace. Still the operations between the allies, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French, under Mareschal Villars, were carried on with prodigious vigour. Quesnoi was taken within sight of the French, and Landrecy was soon

after invested. Prince Eugene was successful for some months, and in June had dispatched General Grovestein, with fifteen hundred cavalry, to penetrate into the heart of France. Louis the Fourteenth trembled with consternation. Mareschal Villars sent a detachment after Grovestein, who had gained a day's march of the French troops, and so close did they follow him that they had the mortification of finding the flames still burning in the villages he had destroyed.

Cartouche, on quitting the hotel of the Minister of Police in so extraordinary a manner, instantly hired a carriage with four post horses, in which he placed himself, money, and passport, and took the direct route to Flanders. He travelled day and night, and the signature of Monsieur D'Argenson procured him every facility. On the third day, he fell in with the detachment of French who were in pursuit of Grovestein, and here he was recognised by an officer in a subordinate command, Count Con-

connas the younger, who, having been sadly reduced by the gaming table, was compelled to enter the army, much against his inclination, in the hope of improving his shattered fortunes.

The body of troops to which Count Conconnas was attached, had it in charge to search all vehicles. The passport of Cartouche was demanded by a sergeant, and delivered to the Count.

In the document which the wily Louis Dominique had prepared for the compulsory signature of D'Argenson he had inserted the name of Edouard Leonardin. On Cartouche being presented to Conconnas, he gave him a look of peculiar meaning which was not misunderstood by the Count.

"Monsieur Leonardin," said his *quondam* school-fellow, "it will not be safe for you to proceed on your journey this night, as there are ravaging parties out in all directions, so I have the honour to invite you to join our bivouac."

This proposal was not at all disagreeable to

Cartouche, as during the latter part of the day's journey he had observed many dead bodies lying stripped in the road—nay, several were hanging by the necks, and some by the heels, to the boughs of trees; so, dismissing his carriage, drivers, and horses, he entered the bivouac of Count Conconnas, which was in a ruined hut, around which some well-worn and ragged tents were pitched. A temporary fire-place, formed of large blocks of stone, was filled with blazing wood; some pioneers were hewing cottage doors to pieces to supply fuel. A goat had just undergone the act of throat-cutting with a dragoon's sabre; he was then flayed and quartered in a veritable shamble style; certain portions of the animal were reserved for the operations of frying and broiling, while the remaining parts were put into a huge *marmite*, with the addition of onions and other vegetables, to make an humble imitation of the "seethed kid" of the ancient writ, and intended to form the evening meal of the brave soldiers of the

*Grand Monarque.* The stew soon sent forth a savoury smell. Perhaps it might have been a little too strong of *sweet william*, but the billy-goat was fresh killed. Troops who have been marching and under arms all day should not be expected to be very particular. Biscuit and spirits were served out, canteens and kettles were filled with water from a neighbouring brook, and all seemed inclined to pass the night comfortably; a very long campaign had completely inured both officers and men to hardships.

After having supped plentifully, Count Conconnas inquired of Cartouche his views.

"My views," replied Louis Dominique, "are to endeavour to redeem my character as much as I have changed my name."

"I'faith, I am rejoiced to hear you say so," said Conconnas; but how does it happen that the Minister of Police, who has so long and so ardently sought the honour of your acquaintance, should have re-christened you?"

"Of those particulars I will some other time inform you," answered Cartouche; "in the interim, cannot we knock up a game of basset, or piquet? I can afford to lose a few crowns."

Count Conconnas immediately pulled a dirty pack of cards out of his pocket. "Here are the painted papers," exclaimed he. "Curse them, they have been my ruin; but, somehow or other, I have not the resolution to throw them into the fire: one proviso I make; and that is, if you should win, you will not ask me for the money until the next pay-day of the troop, and when that will happen Heaven only knows, for I am certain the Minister of Finance does not. The public treasure is exhausted; and if we soldiers did not occasionally win a little of each other, and pop upon a forced levy now and then, on a burgomaster or farmer on the side of the enemy, we should be the blessed babes of want. That gentleman-goat was a God-send. He was hid in the upper room of a cottage, and would have been safe enough if he

had not been tinctured with the vanity of standing on his hinder legs, and wagging his beard out at the window. Vanity is the curse of most beings."

The two worthy students of the Jesuit's college sat down to play with their customary zest, nor did they omit sundry potent applications to the brandy flask. Count Conconnas had all the luck, and was much flushed by winning a considerable sum of Cartouche. At length the time of visiting the posts and retiring to rest arrived.

"Monsieur Leonardin," said Conconnas, liking to have got hold of so good a milch-cow as Cartouche appeared to be, "this is our way of life. We soldiers have not a care beyond the present moment. We march where we are ordered, we live as well as we can, we know that every bullet has its billet—what say you to joining our company as a volunteer? I will introduce you to our commanding officer."

"As Edouard Leonardin?" inquired Louis Dominique, briskly.

"Why, I am afraid that the other name, although it is that of a brave man, would not pass muster," replied the Count, "notwithstanding that we have not latterly been very particular."

"I will enter the army as a volunteer," said Cartouche; and he felt assured that, as he was situated, it would be, under the protection and friendship of Count Conconnas, and the veil of his feigned name and military uniform, the safest course he could possibly pursue.

The drum was beat as a signal for visiting the posts for the night. Monsieur le Colonel Brantome, an experienced and vigilant officer, never omitted performing that important task. The Colonel held a sort of evening parade, at which it was the duty of Count Conconnas to attend: when he took the opportunity of introducing Monsieur Edouard Leonardin, an early acquaintance, as a gentleman desirous of volunteering into the glorious service of the *Grand Monarque*.

Colonel Brantome received his recruit with great cordiality, and told him he hoped that his bravery and good conduct, aided by the chances of war, might afford him the opportunity of procuring his promotion.

Here once more, under the influence of what might be gained by gambling, did the noble Count Conconnas the younger, again irretrievably dishonour himself.

"The earlier you are initiated in the duties of a soldier the better," said the Colonel; "so join our party to visit the posts, Monsieur Leonardin."

Cartouche was delighted at this mark of the Colonel's confidence, and he already felt himself established as a gentleman volunteer—in fact, he decided in his own mind that at any period of his strange life he never had been placed in so respectable a position in society.

Onwards the party marched to inspect the outposts. Colonel Brantome, with a polite bearing that could be assumed by a person of no

other nation in the world but the French (and we humbly beg pardon of the natives of the remainder of the universe for the assertion), condescended to give his arm to Monsieur Edouard Leonardin, the new volunteer, as they went the rounds.

To a fine day in June succeeded a rainy night. Count Conconnas had furnished Monsieur Leonardin with an extra military cloak.

Colonel Brantome inquired, with an appearance of having been interested with his volunteer, some of the particulars of his life, and his motive for entering the army. Cartouche was in possession of a mint at which he could coin as he pleased, "at discretion," so he volunteered a hundred plausible falsehoods. They marched through a pelting shower from sentinel to sentinel, who challenged the party for the watch-word, "Who goes there?—the word?"

"*France et la gloire!*"

When the sixth sentry pronounced this line, the ears of Cartouche were very familiarly and

most disagreeably saluted by a well-known voice; and, as the torches carried by the serjeants glared on the soldier on guard, Louis Dominique saw, with no very pleasant sensations as regarded himself, the face of his friend the shirtless cavalier, Bavarde de Tromperie. This hardy soldier was completely soaked through with the rain, which ran out at the spouts of his three cocked hat, down his backbone, and dribbled through his spatterdashes. He had not escaped a single drop; he appeared to have been placed here in his own private character—a sponge, for he had absorbed abundant moisture. Bavarde de Tromperie instantly recognised Cartouche, and a gleam of satisfaction crossed his sodden countenance.

Every post having been inspected, Cartouche returned to his quarters with Count Conconnas, where, after some more *eau de vie*, they retired to rest in the manner they best could.

In the morn the *reveillée* beat, and all were in motion in pursuit of Grovestein's division.

They had a long and heavy march during the day, for the roads were in a bad condition on account of the rain that had fallen. They could not depend on finding provender before them, because the confederate troops destroyed everything as they went along; the only hope of supply was from the suttlers and camp-followers in their rear.

Cartouche had marched by the side of Count Conconnas, and was occasionally addressed by Colonel Brantome, as he passed and re-passed him on horseback. At night, the only place for shelter for the officers was the remains of a barn that had escaped the flames; and it was late before the waggons of the *vivandières* came up, in consequence of the condition of the roads.

While Conconnas was making an arrangement for a supper and some liquor, Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie came suddenly up to Cartouche, and said, "Old friend, a word with you!"

Louis Dominique perceived that the cavalier

was in a very shabby plight—that is to say, his uniform had seen considerable service before it had been presented to him, his toes peeped out of his shoes, and his small clothes were not in much better condition than those which in days of yore he exchanged with Cartouche, "pieces of eight"—so he affected not to have had the honour of the cavalier's acquaintance.

Bavarde de Tromperie perceived an attempt at the "cut direct." "What! my old friend Cartouche?" he exclaimed, exalting his voice to the loudest pitch. "Well, God help me! who would have thought that the celebrated Louis Dominique Cartouche — Cartouche, I say — should have had so short a memory?"

Cartouche glanced round anxiously to observe if there were any listeners; "Why are you making that confounded noise?" he inquired angrily.

"It is all very well," replied Bavarde de Tromperie, "but I cannot in my present situation exist as a gentleman. The scrape I am

in, serving as a private soldier, was caused by your accursed *Coupe-Gorge* newspaper. Fortune has befriended you—I must share your luck!"

"Well, well, my good fellow," said Cartouche, somewhat impatiently, "let us talk about it in the morning."

"Morning! quotha," muttered the cavalier, "I cannot wait till to-morrow morning for my to-day's dinner, and it is night now."

Cartouche wishing to get rid of his friend, put his hand in his pocket, and placed several crowns into his palm. "Quit me now," said he.

"I know not where I can purchase anything fit for a gentleman, at this time of night," grumbled the cavalier, as he slowly walked away.

The commissariat department of those days was not so efficiently conducted as it might have been. Magazines, it is true, were collected, but they were frequently *bound*.

When the army wanted shoes, flour was served out; and when the scarcity of corn occasioned great distress for bread and biscuit among the soldiers, they were amply supplied with grenades and ball-cartridges. A plump horse would always stew down for mutton broth for the sick—but, alack! with the constant work and paucity of fodder, most of the horses looked like the skeletons of cavalry regiments.

By dint of money (won from Cartouche at basset) Count Conconnas had made himself master of a rabbit-pie from an extortionate *vivandier*, a bottle of Bordeaux, and a bottle of brandy, which he placed on the camp-table as his quota towards the mess.

Colonel Brantome and other officers had all added a trifle—a fowl, a cheese, a pot of pickled sardines, or a Dutch ham. These delicacies, under the circumstances, made a most respectable dinner or supper, for the two meals were judiciously commingled. They seated them-

selves round the board: Cartouche was placed with his face towards the door; Colonel Brantome, as a matter of course, sat at the head of the table. Everything seemed to be progressing very pleasantly, when Cartouche, raising his head, perceived the accursed Bavarde de Tromperie standing at the portal, making the most vehement signs to him. The shirtless cavalier was an exquisite pantomimist, and Louis Dominique had a very quick apprehension of De Tromperie's performances. He thus rapidly translated the pantomimic action.

"Monsieur Cartouche, I am starving! I implore you—I cannot procure anything to eat. No notice taken of my urgent wants?—very well. If you do not bring me out that pie, and a bottle of wine, by the Heavens above me, I will expose your name, profession, and prior life, to the Colonel and the whole company!"

Louis Dominique looked daggers at him, frowned diabolically, and motioned with his

hand that he should depart; but the cavalier saw the advantage of his position, and determined to persevere. So the rascal began bawling as loud as he could, as if he was addressing some person outside the door, "Cartouche, Cartouche, Cartouche! where are you, my child?"

Louis Dominique bit his nails in pure vexation.

Monsieur le Chevalier Bavarde de Tromperie, finding that he had produced this effect (*videlicet*, that he had *nailed* his friend), recommenced—"Where is Monsieur Cartouche? Every one is seeking him, and, *par Dieu*, he is no where to be found. Cartouche, Cartouche, Cartouche!"

Louis Dominique, if he could have effected his purpose, would have gone forth and strangled the unlucky villain who had chosen this propitious moment to assail him. But as that appeared to be impracticable, he thought the best thing to be effected, in his position, would be to steal the rabbit-pie off the table, and carry it out to his persecutor.

He arose gravely, and lifted the dish. He was walking with it in his hands towards the door, when Count Conconnas, who had imagined he had contributed rather liberally towards the evening's entertainments, grew a little jealous, and said, "Monsieur Leonardin, what are you about with my rabbit-pie?"

"Are you coming?" exclaimed the shirtless cavalier from without; "I cannot wait all night."

Louis Dominique threw an expressive glance at his school-fellow, the Count, and said, "My dear Conconnas—a poor starved fellow-soldier; there is abundance on the board—we must not see our men die by inches. I will relinquish my supper in favour of this brave man."

The company were rather astonished, and somewhat mortified to see the dainty pie and a bottle of wine delivered to the tatterdemallion at the door, who vanished with them, exclaiming, "Bravo! I can now sup like a gentleman."

Colonel Brantome remarked that benevolence was a good feeling to be cherished in the breast of a young man; but there was a very proper adage, "Be just before you are generous;" and this instance applied to their volunteer, as most decidedly the pie and bottle were not his to give away.

Cartouche promised, the first opportunity, to present two rabbit pies to the mess table. "That is all very well," said the Colonel, "but in these hard times, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and rabbit pies are scarce animals."

The cunning rascal, Bavarde de Tromperie, did not let a day pass without gaining some advantage from Cartouche, on the penalty of exposing his secret to Colonel Brantome. It was in vain that Louis Dominique remonstrated and looked big; the shirtless cavalier knew his business and position too well, and he extorted money, clothing, and even deference, from Cartouche, who more than half determined in the first skirmish that should take place, to shoot

him through the head, to get rid of the nuisance.

The political intrigues that disgraced the court of England closed the triumphs of the Duke of Marlborough, the illustrious general and statesman, who had been the life and soul of the grand alliance which arrested the ambitious career of Louis the Fourteenth, and preserved the liberties of Europe; whose influence pervaded every continental court, and whose energetic hand set in motion every spring of that vast confederacy, which centered its only real point of confidence in his spirit. This hero fell a victim to the miserable Whig and Tory squabbles; the machinations of a bed-chamber woman being sufficient to change the political aspect of Europe.

After the Duke's return to London, disgusted with the proceedings of the new ministry, he resigned his command. Prince Eugene, having lost so important an ally, did not sustain his former good fortune; he was induced to abandon

his design on Landrecy, and to march towards the French, with a view to bring them to action. The States-General, however, refused to run the risk of an engagement, and the Prince had the mortification to see Douai reduced by Mareschal Villars. He could not even prevent that general from re-taking Quesnoi and Bouchain, of which places he was in possession by the tenth of October.

The winter set in unusually early. Colonel Brantome's detachment was ordered to join a force that had invested Utrecht, and which force was intended to surprise Leyden and the Hague. The frost had come on rapidly, and with great severity, and a curious expedient was made use of for the rapid transition of the troops—amounting to eight thousand French—the Commander-in-chief had skaits prepared. The sluices had been opened by the Dutch, but being instantly frozen over, one enormous field of ice presented itself. It must have been a most animating scene to have beheld an army of eight thousand

men, all skaiting in a body across the country, with their colours flying. Cartouche enjoyed the sight mightily; nor was his satisfaction greatly diminished when he beheld Monsieur Bavarde de Tromperie, who was figuring away on his skaits—doing it, as he said, like a gentleman—slip suddenly into a hole in the ice and disappear. It must be confessed Cartouche did not return to aid his friend. but skaited on with the cheerful certainty that he had got rid of a scoundrel who was riding him to death, like the Old Man of the Sea, and Sinbad the Sailor.

All this had been well-devised, but a thaw came on as rapidly and as suddenly as the frost had commenced. The army became surrounded with water. To get back to Utrecht they had to march on a narrow slippery bank, and to obtain this bank they were compelled to attack a fort, which, without artillery, seemed impregnable; had this fort stopped the army only one single day, it must have been destroyed by hunger and fatigue.

Cruelty followed this enterprise; Bodegrave and Swamerdam, two populous towns, were abandoned to be plundered by the French troops. For these acts of rapine severe reprisals were threatened by the confederates. Daily skirmishing took place, in one of which, in a furious charge, Count Conconnas, Cartouche, and about twenty men of his company, were cut off and taken prisoners. By way of retaliation, all the French captives were immediately ordered to be hanged.

Notwithstanding this order, humanity suggested that it was unnecessary to put the whole party to death, and of the twenty-four soldiers and officers who had been taken, eight only were eventually destined for death by the halter.

Twenty-four lots were made, eight of which had the figure of a gibbet described upon them; the remaining sixteen were blank. The twenty-four lots were shaken together in a hat, and each prisoner was ordered to draw out one.

Those who drew out a blank lot were to be immediately discharged, but those who drew out the fatal symbol were to be executed on the spot. Here was a moment of deep interest! The heart of Count Conconnas failed him, and his lamentations excited both ridicule and contempt.

Cartouche seemed wholly unmoved by his danger, and quietly looked on until his turn arrived; and when called upon by the Dutch officer, walked up to the hat with the utmost unconcern, and, without faltering or changing a feature, drew forth his lot, which was a blank! The poor nerveless Count Conconnas could scarcely be urged to the hat. Cartouche, thus favoured by fortune, and free from danger, had the hardihood to tell his trembling school-fellow, who still held his hand in the hat, dreading to draw forth his fate, that for ten louis d'ors he was ready to draw his lot for him, and stand to the consequence. Count Conconnas joyfully agreed—in fact, it was only returning ten pieces

of the sum he had won of him—and Cartouche, having received the money, coolly requested the Dutch officer to allow him to fulfil his part of the contract by drawing the Count's lot. Permission being given, Cartouche drew again, and was again fortunate. A strange caprice of fortune, which could thus favour a man, whose cheap estimate of his life made him unworthy, not only of the double escape, but even of a single lucky cast.

"At any rate," remarked Cartouche to the Count, as they took their departure, "it is quite clear that I was not born to be hanged."

When they had walked some distance they turned, and beheld eight of their less fortunate comrades suspended by the neck to the branches of trees, and their lifeless bodies swinging to and fro in the brisk breeze.

## CHAPTER XIX.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND—CARTOUCHE IS FOR ONCE SURPRISED. BUT EASILY RECOVERS HIMSELF—IS CHALLENGED TO FIGHT A DUEL, BUT STEALS A HORSE INSTEAD—THE JEALOUS HUSBAND AT A MASKED BALL—EXPENCES OF THE GANG—THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME—JOHN LAW—CARTOUCHE TURNS STOCK-BROKER—THE FATAL RESULT.

About this period of our history, the Count Duchatelet, the son of the Marquis de Groc (whom we have described as having come to Paris, to endeavour to trace the diamonds which the ingenious Monsieur Cartouche had appropriated to himself), obtained an appointment as a lieutenant of the archers of the king's guard, an honourable employ conferred only on the scions of nobility. The uniform worn by the members of the corps was splendid, and well

became the manly and handsome figure of Duchatelet. The consequence was, that several ladies fell in love with him, and he fell seriously in love with one lady; a young and beautiful creature, niece to Madame de Hautefort, the wife of a receiver-general of finances, and also of great personal attractions.

Louise Rochambeau was lovely in the extreme; to use the words of Father André, in his Essay, she possessed the *visible* beautiful: the harmony which results from the proportions which nature and art have established in their productions; an assemblage of parts so well arranged by the aid of symmetry, that the whole may be embraced at one glance.

Monsieur de Hautefort was blessed with a very handsome wife, but at the same time he was cursed with a peculiarly jealous temper. Fashionable French husbands are generally exonerated from the latter charge, but Monsieur de Hautefort was an exception to the rule. He was his wife's shadow, until she almost wished

he had been his own shade. He could not bear anything that engaged her attention, or pleased her fancy; he would even condeseend to poison her little favourites—the singing birds. He almost abolished in his house the custom of receiving male visitors; nay, he even looked with a wary eye on the ladies to whom he permitted the *entrée*. Monsieur de Hautefort was always seriously annoyed when Madame was inclined to be cheerful; but he scowled with discontent when her spirits drooped beneath his constant suspicion. And so they lived together, until Madame de Hautefort prayed for grey hair, and dim eyes and wrinkles, that she might be allowed a little more liberty in her actions, thoughts, and speech; but they came not, and at twenty-five years of age she was in the height of her charms.

Count Duchatelet was always, when off duty at the palace, to be seen perambulating the Rue des Victoires, with his glances turned towards the elegant mansion of Monsieur de

Hautefort, in the ardent hope of attracting the attention of Mademoiselle de Rochambeau.

The jealous receiver of finance had no notion that the officer of the archers of the guard was enamoured of the fair Louise, but made himself intensely miserable by imagining that his own wife was the object of attraction.

Jealousy, above all other passions, is the most violent, and productive of the most horrid events; for, like a monster, not appeased with the destruction of its enemies, it frequently plunges a dagger in the breast of the dearest object of its love.

Thus the charming and virtuous Madame de Hautefort was rendered unhappy.

Turn we now again to Cartouche, who having returned to Paris, failed not to discover, as most men in similar circumstances have done before him, that if his restless and insatiable appetite for adventure and plunder was not nourished daily, hourly, on what it loved to feed upon, life was a source of misery: the future dim and uncertain,

and the past often too terrible to look back on in waking moments, and too hideous to recal in the dreams which nightly disturbed his sleep.

One fine warm night when Cartouche had drank a bottle more than ordinary, he evinced that decided repugnance to returning *home*, which men occassionally feel when wine, good fellowship, or the easy charms of a tavern, contrast with the modest quietude of domestic life.

The "home" of Cartouche! the word was a mockery! The quarters where the thieves, both male and female, assembled to plan and execute new deeds of villainy, could not be called a home! But it was the roof that sheltered his head, the refuge from the storm, the impenetrable asylum when his pursuers were upon his footsteps.

Cartouche, completely disguised, wandered for two hours up and down the dry and dusty streets, when he stopped suddenly before the house of Monsieur de Hautefort in the Rue des Victoires. His eagle eye had previously

scanned several elegant articles of *bijoutérie* in the apartments, and he had marked it for a scene of his depredation.

Madame de Hautefort had retired to her *chambre à coucher*, leaving her lynx-eyed and loving spouse in the *salon*, employed in the vain endeavour of finding out to what genus belonged some withered leaves, which he had discovered beneath her embroidery frame. Might they not breathe a language unfit for his ears? Did not the lotus and palàsa buds of the Hindoos, express mournful and loving thoughts; had not Monsieur Hautefort once been instructed by a Turk, who dwelt sometime in Paris, that when the Orientals are in love with persons to whom they cannot have easy access, they have a mode of communicating their sentiments without pen, ink, or paper, by the means of flowers, fruits, silks, stuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical sense. Did not Ibrahim (the before-mentioned Turk), particularly inform him

that a piece of rose bush signified, "*I weep continually, but you deride my tears;*" a piece of silk, "*you have gained my mind;*" a looking-glass, "*I am ready to sacrifice myself for you?*"

A grain of a raisin, some blue silk, a pea, a morsel of sugar, and a bit of wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, form a *billet-doux* to this purpose.

"*My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions me has nearly deprived me of my senses; my heart passionately desires you.*"

There was yet another Turkish symbol, a strange one too: if a pistol was sent, the signification on the receipt of it was understood to be—

"*I love you very much.*"

Monsieur de Hautefort determined that before he retired to rest that night, the question of the withered leaves should be solved. He would have no oriental *selams* about his premises.

It just now happened that Cartouche climbed lightly up the portico, and reached the balcony of an oriel window on the first floor, thinking to make good his entrance there, as he knew from profound experience that windows were very often left totally unguarded, while doors were protected with every imaginable sort of lock and bar. But no sooner did Louis Dominique place his hand softly on the latch of the window frame, than the curtains within were dashed aside, the casement thrown open, and ere Cartouche could collect himself, his cravat was grasped with intense energy, and he was dragged by a furious arm into the chamber. In the scuffle that momentarily took place the two wax tapers which were in one candlestick, were knocked off the table, and the parties were lighted only with what is termed "a harvest moon." Cartouche heard something ominous click against his ear: Monsieur de Hautefort had presented a pistol to his head, without in the least adverting to that portion of

the Turkish *selam* for presenting a pistol, "*I love you very much.*"

"I know your purpose here," exclaimed the jealous husband, "and your life is at my mercy."

Cartouche was making up his mind for extremities. He paused a moment on hearing—

"But I will take a more noble revenge for my injured honour! I will permit you to leave this house without further molestations—but this shall be on one condition, only—I expect that you will meet me as a man of honour, to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, in the Bois de Boulogne."

Cartouche recovered his breath, which truth to say had been suspended for some few moments, and bowing with an air of politeness, as Monsieur de Hautefort relaxed his hold, slid over the balcony, and was immediately in the street.

Cartouche laughed at this adventure, and thought his time thrown away, but determined

to make Monsieur de Hautefort pay for it somehow. So in the morning he sought out Ferrand, one of his brigand associates (a good-looking, and well-dressed vagabond), and made him accompany him to the Bois de Boulogne.

At a few minutes before eight, they perceived Monsieur de Hautefort approaching, mounted on an admirably comparisoned grey horse. Ferrand and Cartouche instantly separated, each to play his own game. The grey steed pranced and curvetted, as if proud of the burthen he carried, when presently Monsieur de Hautefort dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, drew his sword, assumed a fencing position, and looked round with impatience for an adversary. Ferrand walked up and down, but, as Cartouche had tutored him, waited to be addressed by Monsieur de Hautefort, who presently making a formal bow to the well-dressed robber, inquired "If he had chosen that spot, according to his promise the night before, for the express purpose of giving him satisfaction?" Ferrand

listened with an air of great gravity, and put several questions to De Hautefort by way of gaining time for Cartouche, who had by this period got nigh to the splendid grey charger of the receiver of the finance. It was then that Ferrand utterly denied that he had been at all in the Rue des Victoires; that he neither knew the house, or ever beheld the lady who dwelt therein; and most certainly he had come to breathe the fresh morning air of the Bois de Boulogne, but certainly not with a view of meeting an antagonist. Monsieur de Hautefort now found that his jealous impatience had carried him too far; and he was commencing an apology to the stranger, when he heard a clattering of the hoofs of a horse; suddenly turning his head, he saw Cartouche coolly cantering off with the showy grey horse, to whom Monsieur de Hautefort bawled to the utmost extent of his voice. Finding that Cartouche did not take the slightest notice, Monsieur de Hautefort now begged of Ferrand to be an evidence as to the

way in which he had been deprived of his charger; to which, as a matter of course, the worthy Ferrand most graciously assented, and gave an address (a false one), where he might be found at a moment's warning. They then parted, Ferrand inwardly chuckling at the trick Cartouche had thus wantonly played; while Monsieur de Hautefort was boiling over with rage at having been disappointed in chastising an adversary who he supposed had wounded his honour, and in being deprived of his favourite horse in so barefaced a manner. Cartouche rode the steed to a receptacle for stolen nags, belonging to the gang in general, where the animal went through various ingenious disguises and alterations, preparatory to being sent, with a number of others, to a horse-fair at St. Quentin, in Picardy. But it must be attributed to the cleverness of the artists who performed the transformation, that though when the steed quitted the service of Monsieur de Hautefort, he was a veritable grey, when he

was purchased at St. Quentin he was an actual pie-bald.

While we are on the subject of Monsieur de Hautefort, we cannot resist the relation of one brief story connected with his intense jealousy.

One day, to the utter surprise of Madame de Hautefort (and in the presence of members of the family), the jealous husband said, "My love, we will go this evening to the masqued ball, which is given in the Palais Royal, for which I have been presented with tickets."

This was such a departure from the customary habit of Monsieur de Hautefort, that his lady was quite charmed, and began to hope that the disposition of her husband was about to undergo a change.

When they arrived, masked and in costume, in the spacious suite of apartments in which the ball took place, a gentleman in a domino and mask approached Madame de Hautefort, who was leaning on her husband's arm, and whose

jealousy was shockingly aroused by the mask saying aloud—

"I flatter myself I have been Madame de Hautefort's best friend; she has, as she knows, and cannot deny, given me tokens of the most sincere affection, by sitting on my knee twenty times a day; giving me many kisses, and expressing her attachment."

Monsieur de Hautefort flew into a gloomy rage, and demanded the impertinent intruder to be silent, and retract the falsehoods he was uttering.

"As a proof that I am well acquainted with her," continued the mask, pertinaciously, "I know that she has a pretty mole on her right ancle."

After saying this, he endeavoured to mix with the crowd, but the enraged Monsieur de Hautefort followed him through several saloons, and at length pinning him in a corner, tore his mask off with great gesticulation and violence. But how was he abashed, and agreeably surprised, when

he found that the tormenting individual was his WIFE'S FATHER!!!

The expences of the organised band of French thieves were enormous: their gains were great, but for several years the number of dependents who had to be regularly paid was scarcely credible; they had several spies, even among the archers of the guard: workmen of all sorts were constantly employed to alter the appearance of stolen goods: hired vendors and factors to travel with them to the provinces, and even into Holland, Spain, and Italy; moreover, they had at their command an immense tribe of lodging-keepers, prostitutes, who were also keen thieves, and a class of respectable-looking elderly ladies (like Mother Mion de Boule), who were extremely useful in procuring *alibis*, and would swear to anything, with faces of ineffable sanctity.

So heavy were now the expenses of the gang of thieves, that their band would have become completely disorganised but for a new era which

uprose about this time, with paper money, and the famous but fatal Mississippi schemes of the immortal John Law—immortal, for the incalculable mischief of which he was the originator. In the early part of his career, Law fought a duel, and having killed his antagonist, he quitted the land of his nativity, Scotland, and visited Italy. His course of life must have been irregular, for he was banished successively from Venice and from Genoa, after which he wandered from one Italian city to another, as a professed gambler. He arrived in Paris; and being in possession of a handsome person and graceful carriage, he succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Regent, Duke of Orleans. Under the plans of Law, a bank was established. With the view of inducing the public to purchase the bank-shares, the Mississippi Company was formed, with a capital of one hundred million of livres, and allied to the bank.

The prospect of great advantages to be derived from this scheme, and others which had

emanated from the fertile brain of John Law, began to operate on the public, and such numbers crowded forward to make investments in the stock of the Mississippi Company, that in August, 1719, its price was driven up to 500 per cent. In a few weeks the stock rose in price to 1,200 per cent. There were instances of individuals beginning with a single bank note, who, in the course of a few weeks, by a combination of skill and good luck in the management of this alluring traffic, found themselves in the possession of millions. The Rue Quinquempoix, a long narrow street, became the rendezvous of the brokers and speculators; servants, who had come thither *behind* the carriages of their masters were seen to return *within* them.

Madame de Baviére tells us, that Chirac, a celebrated physician, as he was going to the house of a lady who had sent for him in a hurry, received intelligence that the stocks had fallen. Having a considerable property embarked in the

Mississippi scheme, the news made so strong an impression on his mind, that while he was feeling the lady's pulse, he exclaimed, "Good God!—how they fall!—lower—lower—lower!" The lady, in alarm, flew to the bell, crying out, "I am dying. Monsieur de Chirac says that my pulse gets lower and lower, so that it is impossible that I should live." "You are dreaming, Madame," replied the physician, rousing himself from his reverie; "your pulse is very good, and nothing ails you. It was the stocks I was talking of, for I am a great loser by their fall."

Cartouche squeezed his way into the crowd of the Rue Quinquempoix, where he picked pockets *ad libitum*, and to a large amount; becoming, at one period, a most extensive holder of Mississippi stock.

About this time a plan of Paris being laid before Louis the Fifteenth, then only ten years of age, the young monarch found fault with it, because the Rue Quinquempoix

was not distinguished from the others by being gilded.

The street was so crowded that, however absurd it may seem, it is veritably recorded that a hump-backed man acquired, in the course of a few days, 150,000 livres by letting out his hump as a writing desk. It was in the rear of this strange piece of furniture that Cartouche stationed himself; and as the actions or shares were transferred from the seller to the buyer, he generally was successful in transferring a portion of the same to his own pocket.

The phrensy prevailed so far that the whole nation—clergy, laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen and princes—nay, even ladies, who had, or could procure money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers. The courtiers, according to the usual custom of following implicitly the royal example, engaged so deeply in this business, that it was said only five persons of that description (the Mareschals de Villeroi and de Villars, the Dukes de St. Simon and de la Rochefou-

cault, and the Chancellor) had kept free from the contagion.

The unexampled rise of the shares afforded an opportunity to many obscure and low individuals to acquire at once princely fortunes. Some persons of quality beholding a most gorgeous female figure alighting from a splendid equipage, and inquiring what great lady it was, one of her lacqueys fell into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, "She is one who has fallen from the garret story into a chariot!" On closer inspection it was discovered by one of the ladies, that the person, who was so magnificently arrayed in diamonds, was Justine, her late cook!

While Cartouche was busily employed diving into the various pockets for shares and money, he perceived himself to be watched intently by a young gentleman of good exterior, who presently took an opportunity to call Cartouche aside, and at once asked him to join in a scheme which would assuredly put a good round sum in his purse, adding that he should want

one more associate of approved courage besides Louis Dominique. Cartouche made an appointment to meet him on the following day, for his eyes were ever open when he imagined there was anything in view that might benefit his pocket. In the meantime, Cartouche went with his purloined debentures to invest them through the agency of a rich and celebrated stock-broker; but some irregularity in the transfers having been discovered, the stock-broker took the liberty to detain the shares, to the great indignation of the wholesale robber. Cartouche, knowing that he had stolen the shares, and dreading to be suddenly arrested, swaggered out of the stock-broker's office, and said he should call on the morrow, when probably it would be found that everything was correct.

Numberless complaints had been made respecting lost debentures; rewards were offered; and the stock-broker had not a doubt on his mind that he had recovered some of the purloined property; he also felt assured that he

could recognise the person who had been in his office.

On the next day, Cartouche attended to his appointment with the young gentleman, taking with him a trusty confederate. This gentleman was but twenty-two years of age, a Fleming, and his name was Count Horn. It will be remembered that Cartouche borrowed this name when he paid his memorable visit to the Minister of Police.

Count Horn had been a great loser, young as he was, by the Mississippi scheme; and, being utterly unprincipled, he determined on a bold and desperate stroke to endeavour to retrieve his shattered fortunes. Having watched the cool hardihood with which Cartouche committed the various robberies, he selected him as an adjunct to his enterprise.

Under pretence of bargaining to a large amount for debentures, Count Horn conducted an affluent stock-broker to a private room in a tavern in the Rue de Venise, where he had

previously placed Cartouche and the other ruffian.

To the great surprise of Louis Dominique, it proved to be the individual stock-broker who had laid hold of his shares, and who had already raised the hue and cry against him.

The unfortunate man had scarcely seated himself, than Cartouche sprung to the door, which he fastened. Count Horn thrust a poniard into his breast, while Cartouche, seizing him by the hair of the head, drew a sharp knife across the throat of the stock-broker, which severed it, in a hideous gash, from ear to ear.

After perpetrating this cruel assassination, the pockets and pocket-book of the murdered man were quickly and silently rifled. A division of the spoil took place, and the three criminals quitted the tavern.

It was not long before the dreadful deed was discovered, and Heaven in its vengeance pointed out the principal actor in this tragedy instantly;

for a gauntlet belonging to Count Horn, in the lining of which his name was inscribed, being found on the floor, led to the detection of its owner.

The Count was hotly pursued, and arrested the same day: was put on his trial, and condemned to be broken on the wheel; but he did not reveal the names of his abettors in this foul deed. Indeed he had strong hopes that the punishment to which he was sentenced would not be inflicted, as he was allied to several noble houses, and related to the Duke of Orleans himself. The greatest interest was made for his life, but all solicitations on that head were unavailing; Mr. Law showing the Regent the absolute necessity of making an example of him at a time when most people carried their fortunes in their pockets. The dreadful sentence on Count Horn was put in execution.

It is worthy of remark, that about the same time that Mr. Law urged that the strong hand

of justice should fall on the Count, a free pardon, unsolicited, came from England in favour of Mr. Law, for the murder he had committed, and which had originally driven him to seek his fortunes on the continent.

Cartouche thought fit, secretly, to escape from Paris.

There were at this time eight thousand millions of paper money in circulation; and while the bank appeared in the most prosperous condition, an edict was published, at a time when it was least expected, which reduced the company's actions to one-half the price which they then bore. This blow dispelled the national delusion; confidence and hope were now succeeded by fears and reflections of the most mortifying nature, and the fabric which credit had raised was destroyed by doubt.

It remains to say that John Law, who had been the means of reducing the kingdom to this dreadful dilemma, did not profit by the wealth he had accumulated during the first rage

of the speculation. Having become an object of indignation to the public, he was protected by the Regent from the fury of the populace, who repeatedly threatened his life; at length he effected his escape to Flanders, from whence he afterwards repaired to Venice, where he passed the remainder of his days in a state but little removed from indigence.

END OF VOL. II.

Aird and Burstall, Printers, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 084216560